This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

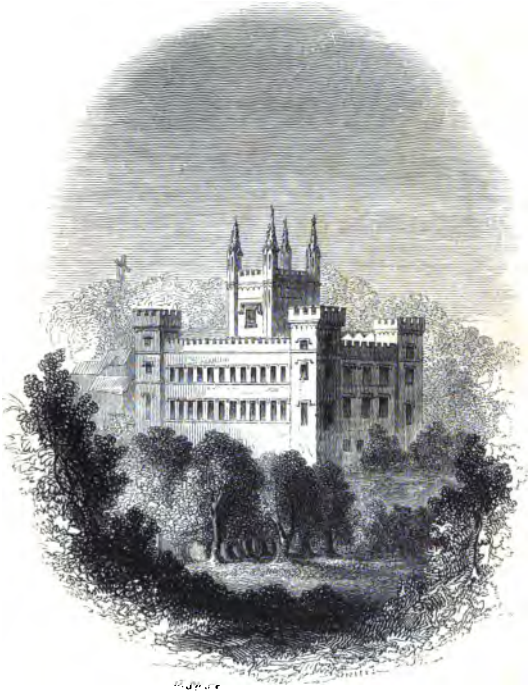
42.
213.

600008481R

CONFESSIONS OF AN APOSTATE

CONFESSIONS OF AN APOSTATE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FELIX DE LISLE."



R. B. SEELEY & W. BURNSIDE, FLEET STREET,
LONDON: MDCCCXLII.

CONFESSIONS OF AN APOSTATE,

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "FELIX DE LISLE."

PUBLISHED BY R. B. SEELEY AND W. BURNSIDE:
AND SOLD BY L. AND G. SEELEY,
FLEET STREET, LONDON.
MDCCCXLII.

213.

PRINTED BY
L. AND G. SEELEY, THAMES DITTON, SURREY.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

INTRODUCTION - - - - - 1

PART I.

GUERNSEY - - - - - - 10

PART II.

OXFORD - - - - - - 34

PART III.

NORMANDY - - - - - - 92

PART IV.

ST. AUSTIN'S - - - - - 119

CONFESSIONS OF AN APOSTATE.

INTRODUCTION.

I MAKE no apology for laying these Confessions before the public eye;—for throwing open to the gaze of my readers the details of a life, comprising few incidents, yet coloured by mental vicissitudes of no common dye.

Warnings require no apology; they are favours conferred, however they may be received. As a warning, these pages are written; may they be accepted as such by those who shall read them: and while they gaze on my erratic course with wonder and abhorrence, may they learn to avoid those snares which have made me an Apostate.

Yes, an Apostate;—I cannot describe myself by any milder term: I cannot give any other definition of what I now am. The other day I met Bell of Oxford.

'Well,' said he, 'and pray, Willoughby, *what are you* now?'

I gave him no reply, but shrank away, without even looking at him. I could not steel myself to say—'I am an Apostate'—and what else could I have said? I *was* a Protestant; high and holy name! I *have been* a Papist; forsaking the faith of my fathers, and following "the mother of harlots and abominations." I *am* an Apostate from both. I am no longer a Papist; from the very depths of my agonized soul I renounce the atrocities and idolatries of Rome. I am not a Protestant; I dare not presume to claim that sacred name, stained as I am with the guilt of denying and forsaking the religion of the Bible. I can only call myself AN APOSTATE: a name abhorred by angels, despised by men, and rejoiced over only by those demons, who tempt the unwary spirit from its strong hold of faith, and then revel in

the anticipation of that perdition to which, ere long, they shall be commissioned to drag it.

And is such the fate that awaits me? I shudder to look forward. This world is all a blank before me, and for THE NEXT—

* * * *

And yet I was happy once; happy as an unthinking child, and happier still as a joyous youth, occupied in the arduous cultivation of my intellectual powers, and basking, without a cloud on my horizon, in the full morning ray of life and love and friendship.

Oh, Mary! shade of beauty and excellence, no longer given to earth!—how have thy dark, reproachful eyes followed me through my wanderings—how have they looked upon me, when hesitating between truth and error—when kneeling at the altar of idolatry—and yet "more in sorrow than in anger." Oh, Mary! *my* Mary!—how have I stood by thine island burial-place, a waverer, a deceiver, an Apostate!—how have I gazed on that Druid-temple by the blue and lonely sea, where once we knelt together. Oh

folly and madness! I will not speak of her again; it is too deeply, keenly painful a remembrance.

And yet how shall I relate my own history without that hallowed name?—how repeat the tale of past happiness, or the gloom of after-life, without the name of Mary?—No, the world is a blank to me now;—but the past were a blank too, nay it were "the blackness of darkness," if that sainted name of light and love were snatched from its records. Let me not bring down my sunny past to the level of the dim, despairing present. Cost what it may, I will relate the whole. I feel that I have lost all that is worth living for, all that *earth* can offer; and when I look to *heaven*,—that heaven which I have forfeited—I feel myself indeed a soul cast out, AN APOSTATE!

Perchance I may be asked the cause of my misery and my sin. As far as I am able to state it, I believe that I was drawn away at first by a careless and mis-placed confidence in the judgment of others, an unrestrained imagination, and a preference of elegant and venera-

ble antiquity to the simple, heavenly truth of Scripture.[1]

It is indeed 'the first step only that is painful'—comparatively speaking. The course of error is ever in a downward path; and when the heedless wanderer has once set forth upon it, fresh causes are not needed to facilitate his descent. The mere impetus of the first motive is sufficient; and like the Alpine tree that, launched by the hand of industry from the top

[1] Mine is not a singular case. During the past winter, the public journals related a similar history of Mr. Biden, a young gentleman preparing for the ministry of the Church of England; who, after a course of study at Oxford, visited Belgium, and conformed to the Romish church. One of the Roman Catholic newspapers (quoted in the *Protestant Magazine*, Jan., 1841: p. 32,) after describing the piety and promise of Mr. Biden's character, and his 'attentive perusal of the writings of Dr. Pusey,' which '*led him back* to the *legitimate head*' of the Church, states that, '*following up* the *data* of the *Oxford Tracts*,' he made extensive researches 'during four months, in the library of the ecclesiastical seminary,' in 'the *early fathers* of the Greek and Latin Church. It is needless to add, that these researches only confirmed his conviction of the *fatal consequences* which result from the separation of the members of Christ's Church from its *Divine Head*; and he immediately resolved to *renounce the errors* which he had involuntarily adopted and to place himself under the *tutelary protection* of *Catholic* authority.' He is now, I believe, studying for the Romish priesthood.

of the mountain,[2] flies onward and still downward, until the last tremendous bound plunges it in the lake below,—so the spiritual Apostate, gradually deserting the Rock of truth, on which he had been resting, (how unstably!) glides still faster and more fast down the side of the precipice, till his last step overwhelms him in the gulf of despair; if not indeed in that fiery lake which awaits "the fearful and the unbelieving," —even the "second death."

Such am I: and if the words of a deeply repentant, yet despairing spirit deserve any credence,—if the confessions of one who feels no hope, no wish but to save others from those mental tortures which he himself endures, be worthy of attention,—then I may request my readers earnestly to give heed to the warning I am about to furnish, from the records of a dark and miserable experience.

* * * *

[2] I allude to the 'Slide of Alpuach,' constructed from the rugged sides of Mount Pilate to the Lake of Lucerne below. The immense pines of those forests descend the slide of nine miles in the space of two and a half minutes.

In writing one's own history, certain personal and family particulars are usually considered needful; I will make them as brief as possible.

My name is Eustace Willoughby. I was born of what this world calls a good family, as to station; and what a better world also would call a good family, for it was not only respectable, but religious. I lost both parents in very early life, and from peculiar family arrangements, I was left, almost penniless, to the care of a guardian; himself a man of low origin and penurious habits. A considerable fortune was to be mine when I should come of age, but until that time, I derived no benefit from it; and my prudent guardian foresaw that if I died a minor, he had no hope of repayment for any expenses he might incur for me. He therefore abstained from spending a shilling upon my education, beyond the almost nominal income I derived from parental sources.

I was intended by my parents for the hallowed vocation of the Church; I was to be educated at one of our public schools, and thence transferred to Oxford. But, when I

came under the care of Mr. Woods, the scene was changed, and I was destined to an almost menial employment, as being cheaper than a liberal education. Child as I was, I keenly felt the indignity. I wrote text-hand letters to my father's family, bewailing my cruel fate, in being thus deprived of advantages which I already knew how to value, and for ever shut out from that sacred profession which I had been taught to regard as my future honour and privilege.

My case was deemed a hard one and representations were made to Mr. Woods. A generous relative offered to double my trifling pittance of an income, and my guardian was finally induced to promise me those scholastic advantages to which I so warmly aspired. But how was this to be done cheaply? Eton, Winchester and the other public schools would have cost more than double the sum which I could afford to pay.

At length, his wife, who was of a more saving turn than even himself, remembered that a relative of hers (akin, but how unlike!)

had married one of the Professors at Elizabeth College, in the island of Guernsey; and she recollected also to have heard that it was a wondrously cheap place. Negotiations were accordingly opened. The worthy and ever-honoured Dr. La Foret pitied the poverty-stricken orphan heir,—he offered to receive me as an inmate in his own family, for a lower remuneration than boarders usually pay, even in Guernsey; and as the best education at Elizabeth College costs no more than *twelve pounds* a year, I was willingly transferred by Mr. Woods to that admirable institution, there to remain until the much desired age of twenty-one should leave me free to proceed to Oxford.

PART I.

GUERNSEY.

> 'And thou, my Sarnia!—o'er the dark blue waves
> Bearing thy lovely, yet majestic brow,
> Thou Eden of the waters!'—MS. SONNET.

I WAS about eleven years old when I quitted England for Elizabeth College. Probably I was much like other boys of that age, yet I had enjoyed in some respects superior advantages. I had been carefully and tenderly brought up, and early imbued with high moral principles, which I have never relinquished; although those religious feelings, which had grown up with them, have suffered fatal changes. My fond parents had believed me free from all the more glaring faults of children in general, and even my guardian sent me to Guernsey

with a good character. I was passionately fond of books, but had no claim to the epithet of studious; for though partial to my classical lessons, I preferred a volume of poetry to any other reading in the world, and spent my pocket-money in forming a small select library of my own, in which all that was not written by the poet was the work of the ancient chronicler, the traveller, or the satirist. Such was my taste; my temperament was excitable, or rather enthusiastic; and my spirits and feelings, which had been crushed by domestic calamity and the sudden change in my prospects, were beginning to revive in the bright hopes which dawned upon me. The elasticity of childhood will not long suffer a youthful mind to droop, even under severe misfortune, unless the tide of misery continues to flow in; as soon as the ebb commences, the light and active spirit begins to recover its tone, and soon rises again, strong as ever, though chastened and beneficially softened, perhaps for life.

Such was I; and, as I watched the southern shores of my native island receding from view,

the 'natural tears' which could not but fall, on quitting the land of my birth and the burial-place of my parents, lost half their bitterness in the restored prospects of the future. I was leaving my prudent (and, as I deemed him, penurious) guardian,—I was going to an unknown scene, where cultivation, learning, perhaps eminence, awaited me,—and I was about to enter a family which had given practical proofs of their kindness and pity, and of whose worth and talents I had heard the highest praise. My sky was without a cloud: all this promising scene was my own till I should quit the legal period of childhood, and then, at twenty-one, I was to be my own master, with a large fortune, and to go to Oxford!

I lay on deck all the following night, dreaming of my new home, and of a thousand bright adventures which seemed to crowd around my future path. I was awaked by a shake from a merry old sailor who had been kind to me overnight, and an invitation to see the sun rise,—'For I'll be bound, young master, you never saw it rise out of the sea in your life,' said

Jack; and up I sprang, light and joyous, charmed with the idea of so novel a sight.

It was a glorious morning; the sea rolled heavily in short, massive billows,—the dark grey clouds in the east were beginning to glow, along their rugged edges, with the deepest crimson and purple,—and soon the broad eye of day gazed full upon us, and cast around that misty, solemn light so peculiar to sunrise, so different from the bright, gleaming ray of sunset. And then the scene below—the black, rugged rocks which studded the sea to our left, —the boiling of the impetuous waves among these fine, but dangerous islets,—the high table-land of Sark, glooming beyond them, in the dim light of morning, and the long, varied line of coast which lay in front of us,—all were objects of mysterious interest to me.

'There's Garnsey for you,' said my friend, pointing to this last long coast,—'I suppose that's where you're a-going, master?'

I replied in the affirmative.

'And I suppose you're a-going to school

there, if one may make so bold?' observed Jack, with a knowing, inquisitive look.

I felt my personal importance lowered, and drawing myself up, answered that I was 'going to *College*.'

'Beg pardon!' said my querist, with a bow and a humourous glance that spoiled my gravity and my dignity together.

'I'll shew you your new berth then,' he added, 'when it comes in sight.'

We now neared the coast; Vale Castle, boldly facing the ocean blast, Mont Crevelt, and the fine sweep of Belgrave Bay, were rapidly seen one after another, and about the centre of the last-named beautiful curve of the shore, I saw what seemed a little city rising up the steep back ground, the summit being crowned with a square, pinnacled, cathedral tower. Woods and rocks flanked either side of the picture; a tall pillar stood beyond, upon a high hill, and a rocky islet in front bore a massive, shapeless pile of building, which seemed intended, in some inexplicable manner, to defend the place. Around this were many ves-

sels, some with their white sails glittering in the sunshine, while others shewed only bare masts, like sea-birds huddled up asleep on the water; it was a scene as beautiful as it was new to me, and I turned to my talkative companion, the sailor, for information.

'That's St. Peter's Port, which is the chief town of Garnsey. The French calls it *St. Pi-er*, I don't know why, I'm sure, only that they always calls places by wrong names. That big square place there, a-top of all, like a church tower, is your College, young master, what old Queen Bess built, as they say, but I don't believe 'em. That tall thing, like the monument at London, yonder, alongside, beyond the town, they calls Doyle's Pillar; what was put up for one Sir John Doyle, that was governor here, and a great soldier once upon a time, and made forts and roads; and so they built that there pillar for him, or else he built it for his-self, I don't know which. This here clumsy piece of a work, without e'er a shape to it, upon the bit of an island right a-head of us, is what they calls Cornet Castle; *what for* I

don't know, neither, for it ain't one bit like a castle; do you think it be, master?'

I agreed in Jack's opinion, and admired his discrimination; for certainly a greater libel on the name of a castle was never perpetrated.

'It's no more like a *castle* than a canal barge is like a man-of-war's eight-oared cutter; no more it ain't,' pursued Jack: 'howsomedever it sarves for a castle all the same, for they've a good store of powder and shot in the locker there; and though it do look ugly enough, I'll be bound it'll keep off them rascally French that are always after it, for many a day. You see they've made a tight handy little town of it altogether, master; they're a good sort of chaps, them Garnsey people,—very civil and good-natured,—for all they're mightily like flying-fish.' I laughed outright at this simile, whose justice I could not perceive. 'Why, d'ye see,' said Jack, explanatively, 'I don't mean for to say that they *looks* like flying-fish, any how, for they are pretty good-looking sort of folks; but what I means to say is this—that they ain't neither English nor yet French,—so, d'ye see,

they're like the flying-fishes, that ain't fish, nor fowl neither.'

This was certainly tracing an analogy, at any rate, and gave me a great desire to see these 'sort of good-looking flying-fishes.' Jack now took the helm, and I followed him, anxious for farther information, with which he did not fail to oblige me. He was a fine specimen of a British tar; had been a man-of-war's man; and had seen service in his day. The pier and landing-place he bade me notice attentively, as he considered them very well built, and far superior to those of Jersey; a point on which, of course, I could not give any opinion. A crowd of people were awaiting the arrival of the vessel, and as soon as it stopped, a fleet of little boats put off, to convey the passengers on shore; in them were several persons coming to meet their friends, and a number of waiters from the various hotels, to obtain customers for their respective houses.

'There's good old Doctor *Le Forest*, one of your schoolmasters as will be,' said Jack, pointing to an elderly, gentlemanlike man with white

hair, seated in one of the boats; 'I wonder if he ain't coming after you?'

I did not consider this a probable case, but was glad thus to have a peep at my new friend, before he should see me.

Certainly his aspect was well calculated to win my admiration; his fine countenance, open brow, and mild, dark eyes were well exhibited to my gaze, as he looked up to our deck; and when he came on board, I watched his every look and movement with the deepest interest. I soon heard him inquire of the captain for me; I was at his side in a moment, and he gave me both his hands with a cordial kindness that ever afterwards characterised his manner to me. Ere long I was housed beneath his hospitable, his beloved roof; and here begins one of the happiest periods of my life.

The good Doctor had not long been a widower; and his family now consisted of two daughters and a son—Jane, the eldest, (whom I knew better by the more formal name of Miss La Foret,) was a grave, clever girl of twenty, and kept her father's house with all the decorous

management of an elderly matron, admired and respected by every one. The boy, who bore what I may call the *national* name of Saumarez, was a handsome, spirited fellow, a year or two older than myself; and the youngest of the family, the darling of all, was Mary, more usually called Mariette, a mild, yet lively, graceful child of ten years old.

By the whole of this amiable household I was received with the utmost kindness: the Professor seemed to regard me, from the day of my arrival, as a new son added to his family; and while Miss La Foret always treated me with the benevolence and thoughtful consideration of her character, Mariette and Saumarez were the kindest of playfellows. The latter was a genuine Guernsey character; by which those who know that happy island, will understand that he possessed sterling worth and amiable feelings; a kind, accommodating spirit, and a mild deportment, combined, even at that early age, with a dignity that always gained the respect of his companions. In the school, he was the patron and protector of all the oppressed juniors;

he would brook no insult himself, nor suffer any to be offered to those who were not strong enough to defend themselves; and many a tall bully would quietly retreat from the keen dark eye and manly bearing of Saumarez La Foret. To myself he was a constant and invaluable friend; he fought my battles, revised my tasks, counselled, protected and comforted me: I was his especial *protégé*, to whom he felt bound by the ties of compassion and hospitality, even beyond his general office of good genius to the younger boys. At first we were not in the same department, but his well-known friendship secured me from any annoyance which I might otherwise have experienced.

In our play-hours, he and Mariette strove, with all the delicacy of their national character, to make me forget my orphan condition and present poverty; and to induce the feeling that I was in a happy home of my own, rather than a half-charity boarder in the house of a stranger. I received many little attentions from them, such as children seldom think of paying to each other; and though our high spirits would now

and then come into collision, the dispute of the moment was soon forgotten. They treated me as a brother, and warm indeed was the affection with which I returned their kindness.

I have spoken, and shall doubtless speak again, of the 'Guernsey character.' Let no one, ignorant of this 'Eden of the waters,' accuse me of exaggeration, nor of partiality, when I speak of the admirable and benevolent qualities, the beautiful delicacy of feeling, and many sterling excellences of its inhabitants. Are such terms ill-applied when spoken of a people throughout even whose political and public arrangements extends that spirit of graceful kindness which forms (not a Board of 'Poor Law Bastile' guardians, such as now grind the face of poverty in England,) but '*Guardians of the modest poor?*'—a board which seeks out and privately relieves the unfortunate with support for twelve months at a time,—providing an asylum for decayed respectability in the poor-house, (here humanely called the Hospital,) with the luxuries of separate rooms, wine, fruit, and all the little privileges of their former sta-

tion. Do I exaggerate when I call such a people excellent, benevolent, delicate-minded, especially when all this is provided by a voluntary taxation of themselves.

* * * *

In this happy home I passed many years, amid kindness, intelligence and piety. I had every opportunity of cultivating my taste for literature, and soon acquired a passion for mental improvement, which the companionship of Saumarez contributed in no small degree to excite. His example roused me to emulation, and his assistance was of the highest value.

'You are older and cleverer than I am, Saumarez,' I would say to him, 'but yet I think I shall be up with you one day.'

'The sooner the better,' he would laughingly reply; 'I will pull you up the ladder of learning, as fast as I can; only don't ask me to stand still to help you.'

The excellent professor stimulated our progress with judicious praises, and always spoke of us as his 'two dear boys,' making no distinction between his own son and the stranger.

And then our holidays — those delicious, sunny, sea-breezy afternoons, when he, or Miss La Foret, would accompany us and our beloved Mariette to ramble in some of the beautiful bays and creeks of the shore, or to visit some of the native, or English gentry, at those substantial, granite-built, battlemented houses, situated in wide and dreamy-looking lawns, backed by a profusion of magnolias, orange-trees, and gigantic blue and lilac hydrangeas,—while Guernsey lilies, roses, and tall fuchsias brightened the foreground with a rainbow of beauty.

The scenery of Guernsey has been pronounced, by good authority, to be 'English.' I do not think it so. I have heard it said, on the other hand, that the winding vallies terminating in little cove-bays, which form the chief beauty of this island, greatly resemble the passes of the Scotch Highlands. This is far more correct; for the very form of the granite rocks renders the general aspect of Guernsey quite unlike the major part of English scenery; while their hue, frequently a deep red, the peculiar dark blue of the sea below them, and the

profusion of golden furze scattered over the more barren parts of the island, have to my own view, a beauty quite characteristic of Sarnia herself. It is the fashion to decry her as inferior to her sister isle, but it is an unjust fashion. Jersey has her own beauties; her long shady avenue-lanes,—her deep coves and bays, whose hanging rocks are crowned with wood,—her soft climate, luxurious in dry weather, though hypochondriacally feverish in rain,—her extreme and cultivated fertility,—and her MONT ORGUEIL. But yet there is something superior, a bold and lofty vigour in the style of Sarnia's beauty; and if her shores be somewhat barren, still they have a grandeur quite their own.

Oh happy hours! passed with the loved ones of my youth in those deep glens, decked with that luxuriant furze and heather, among which the dark granite rocks look sternly out, and rear their heads in rugged majesty.

Far below, some sudden turn of the valley shews the deep blue sea rolling in upon the pebbly beach in a crescent sweep.

In others of these exquisite retreats, the com-

moner vegetation of grass and copse-wood fringes the steep cliff down almost to the water's edge. How often have I climbed those rocks, a gay and happy boy, with a heart as light as my footsteps; how often have I run races up those vallies with Saumarez, or sat in silent delight beside Mariette, watching the summer's sun sink into the sea.

Those blessed hours! (never to return,) are stamped on my memory as if they were but of yesterday. Those scenes are now before me, as if really present, and that countenance too, beaming with feeling, the deep, dark eyes glistening in the sunset ray, with all the soul of joyous admiration. She was beautiful, even then, when her features were lighted up with such an expression as this, one which few children of her age ever exhibit. It was a look of living poetry, and I have gazed upon her, forgetting the sun whose descent we were professedly watching, until her brother would laughingly chide me, 'How now, Eustace? is the sun so very bright that you are obliged to look at his reflection in Mariette's eyes?'

Many are the beautiful coast-scenes which may be found in the eastern and southern parts of the island; some presenting an unbroken sea view, and others commanding the smaller islands to the east; among which the high shores of Serk, composed of a pale rose-coloured granite, cast a reflection on the surrounding waters, which gives this fairy isle the appearance of floating on the bosom of the deep.

But all the bays of Guernsey do not possess this mild loveliness: the western and northern coasts present bolder and more rugged scenery, their rocks are darker, and sterner in aspect, and often assume the form of bastions and frowning towers which defy the battling of the waves. None of these headlands enclose a more savage scene of solitary grandeur than those which bound the deep curve of Lancresse Bay, with its lonely Druid's temple. This portion of the island lay at too great a distance from St. Peter's, to be frequently visited by us; but sometimes, during the summer vacation, we obtained a day's leave for a trip to the North, and then Lancresse Bay, and the softer scene

of Grand Havre, with the simple, ivied beauty of Vale Church overlooking its expanse, were always points of our tour: and another delightful part of the day's pleasure, was a visit to a fine ancient manor-house in that neighbourhood, where we were ever received with unbounded hospitality.

Such were the enjoyments of my happier days: a long ramble to some beautiful bay,—a meal *al fresco*, near some granite cave, gleaming crimson with the moisture of the retiring tide—a quiet watching of the fiery sun, as he sank into the heaving billows—an evening hymn sung among the cliffs, to the accompaniment of the murmuring waves below—and then a moonlight walk home with Mariette, such was the height of my youthful felicity.

I had enjoyed these simply delicious pleasures, together with the tuition and friendship of my beloved preceptor, for four or five years; when I received an invitation from my relatives in England, in which my guardian joined, requesting me to make a family tour, and visit them all. I complied, and took a long leave of

my island Alma Mater. I was naturally desirous to see my kindred again, especially that generous friend, to whose bounty I was chiefly indebted for my present advantages. Moreover, a youth of seventeen, who has been for some years bent on self-improvement, is apt to imagine himself an interesting object to those relations who have not seen him since his childhood.

I spent twelve months in England, in pleasant visits among my friends and kinsmen; yet I never felt any inclination to abandon my beloved Guernsey and the La Forets. I could say with Goldsmith,

> 'Where'er I roam, whatever climes I see,
> My heart,' oh Sarnia!—'fondly turns to thee!'

I began even to dread the period when I must finally quit her for that Oxford which I had once so fondly anticipated. I returned therefore with a bounding heart to my beloved island-home. There had been some changes since my departure: Jane La Foret was married, and had gone to live in our favourite old mansion, near the lonely bay of Lancresse.

Saumarez had left the College, and entered on the study of the law; and Mariette filled her sister's place of house-keeper, and was attempting to copy the exemplary gravity with which Jane had discharged its duties. She was now seventeen, but looked somewhat older; and from her childish prettiness, she had improved into a genuine Guernsey beauty; a comprehensive epithet comprising a pale complexion and dark hair, a lofty brow, regular features, and those deep, black eyes, full of mild and liquid lustre, equally unlike the small, fiery, restless orbs of France, and the merry, sparkling eyes of England. Such was Mary.—She, with her father and brother, Jane and her husband, were all assembled on the landing-place, at sunrise, to greet my arrival. Saumarez and Dalmas (his new brother,) came off to escort me on shore, and a long day was spent in the renewal of that intercourse which had made past times so happy.

All seemed just as I had left them; unless it were that Mrs. Dalmas was somewhat more lively than Miss La Foret had been; perhaps

by way of contrast to her husband, a meditative, black-eyed, sensible youth, who had never been accused of undue sportiveness.

As time wore on, I found a change in my old playfellow, Mariette. She now assumed a dignity and reserve towards me, which I felt almost unkind to one with whom she had always associated as a brother. My pride was wounded by this alteration in her manner: I reproached her half jestingly, but in vain; she remained grave and distant, and I was not long in exchanging the familiar friendship with which I had hitherto treated her, for a cold and ceremonious politeness. I was not happy, but I knew not why; I did not enjoy her society as I had formerly done, and yet, when she was absent, I was more uneasy still. She paid frequent visits to her sister, and we consequently passed but little of our time together. Saumarez also was often absent, occupied in his legal avocations; and the good Doctor was more absorbed than ever in his private studies: I was much alone, and I grew melancholy. Here began a new period of my history—the bright-

est, and yet one of the darkest, one on which I cannot now trust myself to dwell;—beginning with doubt, suspense and blighted affections, suddenly lighted up by all the glow of happiness unlooked-for, and ending with — *the grave.*

The Druid's temple on the shores of Lancresse seems even now before me, with its wild grandeur of scenery, its gloomy sea and sky, and all the surprise, the rapture, the plighted faith of that evening never to be forgotten,—and then the scene changes to the lonely burial-ground of St. Peter's, high over the sea, whose waves make a soft subdued lament for the lost and lovely who sleep on the rock above.

There lies before me now a branch of sea-poppies; the broad yellow flowers have long been withered, and the slender pale leaves shew little of their original beauty. I gathered it beside the Druid's cell that evening, and gave it to Mariette. It was not destroyed. On her death-bed she gave it to her brother, with a charge to deliver it to me. It is folded in a paper on which is written,—"*Lancresse, July*

3, 183-." 'Give it to Eustace when I am gone, Saumarez,' she said, '*he will know it again.*'

* * * *

I could not stay in Guernsey. My heart was broken. I could not bear to look on a spot so indissolubly connected with the dead. I was inconsolable, I was desperate.

Oh God!—who art more merciful than man! Thou only canst know the agony thy creatures have endured, when riven from each other by thy last Messenger. Thou only knowest how much of that agony is sin!

The bereaved father would have detained me with him, as some poor consolation to the dreariness of his sorrow. Perhaps it was a selfish thing to leave him; but I was in despair: I could not stay: I could not rest.

I returned to England, and wandered from place to place, bearing within me the torments of 'a mind diseased,' to which no change, either of scene or of society could minister. Many may have endured a similar trial; but few are the hearts that have suffered under it as mine did.

The letters I received from my venerable friend, full of a pious resignation, were the only consolation I possessed; and at length, something of the same feeling began to steal through my heart, and to soothe and support my weary spirit. My dark and rebellious despair gave way gradually before this benign influence; and I experienced for the second time, how powerful is the sway exercised by true religion over a heart which has not yet really submitted to its all-pervading spirit. I grew calm, and though still in the depths of sorrow, yet I felt myself again capable of thought and mental exertion. I was also aware that if I did not mean to be a totally useless being in the world, equally unprofitable to God and man, I must turn my shattered mind to one point, and fix my whole powers on some engrossing object.

What so suitable to my former taste as study? and what so soothing to the heart as the study of religion? I turned instinctively once more to Oxford; and as soon as I became legally my own master, I took my departure for that University.

PART II.

OXFORD.

"The rest in Thyatira, as many as have not this doctrine, and which have not known the depths of Satan, as they speak."—Rev. ii. 24.

WITH what widely varying feelings do the sons of Oxford gaze for the first time, upon her towers and palaces! The young, crude, unfledged student,—the gay heir of the country squire,—the pale, pensive poet,—the proud scion of nobility,—the meek, good man, older than his fellows, pitied for his poverty, and shunned for his gravity,—how different the first glance given by each of these to the majestic beauty of Oxford! To some among them it is the long-expected Land of Liberty for the profligate let loose; to others it is the expensive and laborious means of gaining a livelihood; to

others again it is the long-desired abode of a literary leisure.

To me it might have been the loved, the venerated home of a soul panting for intellectual distinction, and the fostering nurse of my passion for learning. It *was*—only the refuge of a broken heart; the haven of a tossed and weary spirit, worn with suffering, and longing to shake off its agonizing load at the foot of any shrine whence a healing influence might be shed. This was *all*. I need not say what Oxford *should be* to him who enters it a candidate for the sacred office of an 'ambassador for Christ.' Had I entered it in such a spirit, perhaps I had escaped the snares into which, an unwary victim, I fell;—but it was otherwise.

On my arrival, I devoted myself immediately to study. The numerous modes of killing time, so prevalent in that University, had no charms for me. I neither fished in the Isis, nor drove a tandem into Berkshire; I neither joined wine-parties, nor invited card-parties. My studies occupied all my serious hours, and my relaxation was, to meditate on my lost Mary. I did

not seek associates among my fellow-students for a long period; my own thoughts were my companions, and I had resolved that no persons should share my friendship, but such as were well worth the trouble of cultivation. The intemperate, the profligate, the idle were my abhorrence; I shunned even the innocently gay; their sprightliness grated upon my drooping spirit; it was a shock which I could not bear. The studious, the religious, the grave, were alone congenial to my feelings and habits, and there were a few such on my own side of —— Quadrangle, with whom I gradually formed a friendship.

Bell was training, like myself, for the Church. He was keen, clever and well-informed, with a strong head and a pious heart, but hot-tempered and sarcastic.

Winstone was preparing for the bar; he was mild, moral, and poetically religious; amiable as a woman, yet possessing a depth of thought and feeling suspected by few.

Radclyffe, another divinity student, was the man who most captivated me. His character

was singularly compounded; high intellect, amounting to genius, religious feelings verging upon asceticism, playfulness like that of a child, a wild, romantic fancy, and a full, but hidden flow of kindness—these were the prominent features of his fine and attractive mind. Is it wonderful that a spirit like mine, ever too apt to be led by the imagination, and to adore the beautiful independently of the good, was fascinated by such a being as Radclyffe? Had he been less gifted, his influence over me would have been but little; had he been more gay, I should have shrunk from him; had he not been religious, I should have mistrusted and avoided him. And his religion was precisely of that kind which most pleased me. It was churchmanlike and chivalrous; there was a poetry about it that interested my feelings, while the fervour of his conversation, and the lofty expression of his pale, intellectual countenance seemed to me little short of angelic. I saw, in a moment, that there was nothing mean in his piety, nothing canting, nothing to shock the finer and more romantic emotions; and this

was more than I could say for many whom I much esteemed. Cant is one thing, canting piety is another; I have seen both, the former I detest, the latter I have often despised, in spite of my better feelings. Radclyffe had nothing of either in his composition, and I admired him unboundedly. I did not see the mere formality, the unspiritual hollowness of his religious system, it was all perfection to my unwary eye: and as he talked of holy martyrs, of ancient Fathers, of sacred symbols, vigils, angelic influences, and abstraction from every worldly thought and desire, I listened as to a voice from heaven.

His views on some few points, certainly, seemed rather peculiar; but he had always some quotation ready from the Fathers, or other great names of the church, to support what he had advanced, and this satisfied me. It never occurred to me that he seldom if ever quoted the Scriptures. '*The Fathers*' were his apostles; '*the Church*' was his Saviour.

I cannot attempt to detail all the lengthened discussions and skilful sophistries by which I

was gradually induced to adopt his system; yet I will not altogether omit his arguments, lest my readers should imagine me an actual fool, or at least a mere weather-cock, to have thus taken up a scheme of religion totally opposed to those sound principles in which I had been educated. I am far from claiming any stability of character or opinion; I know and deeply, aye, bitterly do I regret my besetting sin of too easy compliance without due reflection; yet I did not yield (what I deemed to be) my convictions without a large outlay of argument and quotation on the part of my friend.

I feel also considerable reluctance in recording many things that passed in our conversations and daily practice; lest readers, little acquainted with the party among whom I was thrown, should imagine that I am drawing a caricature of their habits and sentiments. I shall therefore place at the foot of these pages a few references to the professed heads of the 'Oxford school;' in order to shew that we only thought and acted as did our superiors, in station as well as in mental capacity.

The first time that I perceived anything surprising in Radclyffe's opinions was in a conversation at my rooms, where he, with Bell and Winstone, was sociably passing the evening. Bell, whose intimacy with Radclyffe arose from family connexion, not from congeniality of spirit, had been well and fluently discoursing on the high dignity of that Christian priesthood for which we were nearly all preparing.

'You are right,' said Winstone, with his usual mildness, 'but beware of presuming on such privileges. What are any of us, poor weak, frail men! to think so highly of ourselves?'

'And you are right too, Winstone,' replied Bell; 'but I am not trying to make us "think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think." It is the high and holy calling which I am extolling, and not the erring creatures who are called to it. The very dignity of the office,—no less than that of "ambassadors for Christ,"—should make us the more keenly alive to our own weakness, and our insufficiency to discharge its holy duties, in any strength of our own.'

'Now, Bell,' cried Radclyffe, 'for once you and I quite agree. It is exactly the *office*, not the *officials*, of the priesthood that I esteem so highly. You cannot extol it too much; it is a dignity above that of angels, for it is that power which acts between God and man, and confers on the multitude the benefits of heaven.'[3]

'Softly, my dear fellow,' replied Bell, 'you are making the priesthood into a Mediator, and exalting it into that place which belongs only to our "great High Priest who is passed into the heavens."'

'No, I am not,' was the answer; 'the priest does not *procure* the blessings from God, that is the Saviour's office; but the priest is the means, the channel, by which they are actually conveyed to the people.'

[3] See *Remains of Rev. R. H. Froude*, vol. iii. p. 43, for the powers conferred, by the Apostolic Succession, on the priesthood. I.—'To *admit* or *exclude*' whom they will, from 'the mysterious communion called the *kingdom of heaven*. II.—To *bless* and *intercede* for those within this 'kingdom,' in a sense *peculiar* to themselves. III.—'To *make* the Eucharistic bread and wine the *body and blood* of Christ, in the sense in which our Lord made them so. IV.—To enable others to perform this *great miracle*, by *ordaining* them with imposition of hands.'—See also *Tracts for the Times*, No. 4, pp. 2, 7, and indeed throughout.

Here I enquired what this might exactly mean, as it was the first time I had heard the idea brought forward.

'The priest,' replied Radclyffe, 'is the appointed successor of the Apostles; he *therefore* celebrates the sacraments,[4] and by them he confers upon the people all the blessings which the cross has procured for them.'

'I cannot but feel glad,' said Winstone, 'that I am not preparing for so awful[5] and responsible an office. I should shrink from it, decidedly, even if I had ever made up my mind to enter on it; and I half envy, half wonder at the feelings with which you are all looking forward to the exercise of such mysterious duties and powers.'

[4] See Note p. 41. 'Why should we talk so much of an *Establishment*, and so little of an *Apostolic Succession?*' 'By separating from our communion they separate themselves... from THE ONLY CHURCH IN THIS REALM, WHICH HAS A RIGHT TO BE QUITE SURE THAT SHE HAS THE LORD'S BODY TO GIVE TO THE PEOPLE.'—*Tracts for the Times*, No. 4, p. 5. The capitals are copied from the Tract itself.

[5] 'Among other results of the primitive doctrine of the Apostolic Succession, thoroughly considered and followed up, it would make the relation of pastor and parishioner far more engaging, as well as *more awful* than it is usually considered.'—*Tract*, No. 4, p. 7.

'Oh,' said Radclyffe, boldly, 'I consider the priest, after all, to be only an instrument in the hands of the Church, and I look therefore to her for guidance, and feel sure that she will not mislead me.' [6]

'The Church is all very well in her proper place,' observed Bell with solemnity, 'but I should look higher. My motto, as a Christian priest, shall be—"I can do all things, *through* Christ, which strengtheneth me."'

I took no part in this discussion, for I felt at a loss how to decide between the disputants. They left me immediately afterwards, and I pondered much on what Radclyffe had brought forward. I had certainly been much struck with the difference of Bell's last reply from that of his opponent; but though I saw its superiority, yet I felt a pleasure in the idea of the Church guiding her sons aright, without their having

[6] 'She is ever *divinely guided* to teach the truth; her witness of the Christian faith is a matter of promise as well as duty; her discernment of it is *secured* by a *heavenly* as well as human rule.' *Newman on Romanism*, p. 232. See also *Palmer's Treatise on the Church*, Vol. ii. pp. 99, 131, &c., and Pusey's *Letter to the Bishop of Oxford*, p. 162.

the trouble of judging for themselves. It chimed in exactly with my own unfixed and romantic notions of the priesthood, and promised great relief to my easily unsettled mind. I resolved to ask Radclyffe for farther information, and it was readily given. By various quotations from ecclesiastical writers, and some overstrained texts of Scripture, (such as those on the ambassadorship of the Apostles, and the misapplication of "Hear the Church,") he seemed to me to support his views in a satisfactory manner.

* * * *

After two or three conversations had passed between us on this subject, Radclyffe ventured upon another; the Apostolic Succession of the priesthood, and their high authority having been duly received, he considered the way prepared for fresh instructions. I casually mentioned, one evening, that the morrow would complete my twenty-second year. On the ensuing morning, he entered my room, as I sat at breakfast, and after the kindest congratulations, presented me with an elegant little book. On

opening it, I saw with surprise, that it was a Latin Breviary.

'Why, what is this?' I cried—'really Radclyffe, I am afraid Bell is right when he says, you are half a Papist!'

'Bell is an Ultra-Protestant blockhead,' he replied, 'no one can be farther removed from Popery than myself. The Papists are 'wretched Tridentines every where,' as our dear lamented Froude said.[7] I hate the Romish system as much as you can do; but why should we let so bad a Church have all the good things to herself? The old Catholic Breviaries are too good for her:[8] let us enjoy their rich treasures ourselves in private, and pray for the happy day when they will supersede our miserably clipped and bald Church Service.'[9]

[7] Froude's *Remains*, Vol. i. p. 434.

[8] See *Tracts*, No. 75. 'The *excellence* and *beauty* in the Services of the Breviary,' our adversaries have appropriated 'to themselves a *treasure*, which was ours as much as theirs,' p. 1. &c. Selections from the Breviary occupy the whole of this Tract. See also Froude's *Remains*, Vol. i. pp. 365, 387, &c.

[9] See *Tracts*, No. 86, where the change, from the Mass to the English Liturgy, is termed a 'withdrawal of our higher privi-

'Well,' I replied, 'I will read it attentively, as you praise it so much.'

'Ah, dear Willoughby, not only read it, but *pray* it,' said my friend. 'I always use it for my private devotions; you have no idea how many men here do so.[10] I beg you to study well these beautiful and most Catholic prayers, these nocturns and lauds, and scriptural antiphons, far surpassing the mere Protestant, half-dissenting style of our Reformation Prayer-book. I hope we may live to see this holy book revived in our churches, and all the seven services duly performed, instead of our present meagre complement of two.[11]

leges,' &c., pp. 25, 26. Also Newman's *Letter to Dr. Faussett*, pp. 46, 47.

[10] In the *British Critic*, April 1840, we are told that Parker, the Oxford bookseller, imports 'a *considerable number* of copies of both the Roman and Parisian Breviaries every year; whence we infer, and with *great satisfaction*, that the ancient services are coming to be studied, not only as a matter of literature, but for purposes of *private devotion*.' The same article (Review of *Tracts*, No. 86.) speaks of 'the *richer banquet*' which is found in the 'depth and richness of the ancient services. The English Liturgy is styled '*lower strains*, befitting the Church's depressed condition.'

[11] 'The provision which hinders their celebrating five out of the seven Daily Services, which are their patrimony equally with Romanists.' Preface to Froude's *Remains*, p. xv.

Should you find anything here that you do not like, let me know, and I think I can clear it up.'

In the Breviary I found indeed many things which startled me considerably. I had been taught, both by my departed parents and my perceptor, to entertain a deep horror of Popery; and my Protestant principles had been grounded on the basis of Scripture. I had now adopted some of Radclyffe's errors; but I was not at all aware of their tendency to Romanism. Here, however, addresses to the Virgin and saints met my eye at the first glance, and I was alarmed. I communicated my scruples to Radclyffe, who immediately lent me the "Tract for the Times," No. 75. This publication contains the major part of the Breviary, and softens down, explains away, and apologises for so much of it, that my fears were silenced, if not dispelled. I began to use the book at my private prayers, omitting only the petitions to the Virgin and Saints; all the rest served me from that time, as a favourite manual of devotion.

* * * *

A new subject soon arose between us, and

induced a fresh train of thought and feeling. My spirits had never recovered their early tone, and my grave, mournful aspect was often remarked among my fellow-collegians. 'The melancholy man,' was a name by which I was known to many of them; and though when in company with my friends, I tried, and often with success, to appear cheerful, still the depth of grief within was frequently visible—the wounded heart would betray itself.

At length, Radclyffe, who was, as I have said, lively and playful as a child, when not rhapsodizing on sacred subjects, accosted me one day—'Why are you always so grave, Willoughby? Though you are preparing for so weighty an office, surely you need not look so downcast. One would think you were going to execution, or at least to be made an executioner, instead of an apostolic priest.'

'It is not the future that depresses me, but the past,' was my reply. 'I may say, with the prophet, "I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of his wrath; he hath led me, and brought me into darkness, but not into light."'

My friend's aspect changed instantly; he possessed a kind and benevolent heart, though he did not often display its more tender feelings; but his voice and countenance now assumed so warm an expression of pity that I opened all my sorrow to him, and found consolation, as I proceeded, in the sympathy with which he listened to the detail.

'My dear Radclyffe,' I said, 'my trials began in very early life. The loss of parents, and the change from riches to poverty, crushed my spirit for a time; but in my own beloved island, I had become happy again in the paternal kindness of my perceptor, and the friendship of his children. I loved them all, but Mary was dear to me as my own soul, and I long continued unconsciously to place all my happiness in her. At length, I heard that she was affianced to another. My informant was one whom I seldom believed; a busy, meddling tell-tale, whose gossip was often as foolish as it was untrue: but this was a story that touched me too deeply to be cast aside like the rest; especially when it seemed confirmed by various little occurrences,

and particularly by the reserve with which she had treated me since my return from England—a mere womanly pride, but which my jealous heart construed into a proof that she loved me less than when we had played together as children. I became a different being. I saw all the romance of life ended,—the bubble burst,—and the world a blank before me. I was but eighteen then, yet I felt as if ruined for life. Had I been properly imbued with those principles of religion which I so much admired, my case might soon have been retrieved. But alas! my dear friend, my Christianity was of the least practical kind. Earthly happiness had been the object of my search, it seemed now blighted for ever, and I had nothing of heaven to comfort me under the loss. Religion had been to me only a certain round of pleasant outward duties—a perusal of the most striking and beautiful parts of Scripture, the listening to pious, eloquent discourses, and the good advice of my beloved preceptor. How was such a religion to support me under so heavy a blow?'

'Indeed it must have been a very superficial

system,' said Radclyffe; 'no self-denial, no control of earthly desires; it must have failed you when most needed.'

'It did. The practical workings of religion, its inward strivings, its power over the heart and its affections,—all these were unknown to me; a heavenly life on earth had formed no part of my anticipations; though I had a habit of thinking upon heaven, without the smallest doubt of some time arriving there. Now, however, that so heavy a storm had ruffled my life's happiness, all my religion was useless; it gave me no consolation, no blessing. It was all expended in a feverish and rebellious prayer that I might die, and that Mariette might ever be happy. But why am I detailing all this folly and misery?—it were better veiled for ever!'

'No, my dear Willoughby,' interrupted my friend, 'go on, let me hear all, that I may be the better able to sympathize with you.'

'Well, be it so,' I replied, shading my face with my hands; 'I will go on, and tell you of he false gaiety and mirth which I assumed to

disguise my wounded spirit. I needed some vent for my feelings; I scorned to weep, and therefore I laughed while my heart was bleeding, like a madman dancing on the grave where all his hopes lie buried. I now began to read theology with Dr. La Foret, and received some consolation to my harassed spirit. Such is the heavenly power of religion, that even an outward attention to its Divine truths produces a softening and healing effect upon a mind unfettered by scepticism or vice. Even when the heart is not affected by the energy of divine grace, still the feelings are calmed by exercise upon heavenly themes. I will not, I cannot repeat all the details of that period, sometimes enlivened by a momentary hope, and then darker than ever. Months rolled away, and I was slowly sinking in health and spirit, when a chance conversation with Mariette shewed me how false was the impression under which I had been so long suffering. Oh Radclyffe! I know not how to tell you of that evening; let me try to describe Lancresse Bay, that you may imagine something of that

scene, one which will never be effaced from my memory, could I live for centuries.'

'I have often heard you name that spot,' Radclyffe replied, 'but I know nothing of its peculiar beauties.'

'They are of the wildest and most savage kind,' I continued. 'It is a deep curve in the shore, enclosed by dark, rocky headlands, and backed by a wide expanse of sands at the foot of a high bank. Two or three ruined martello towers skirt the beach, and the only vegetation of this sublimely desolate spot is a few sea-poppies, flaunting their broad yellow blossoms among the sand-hillocks. The Druid's temple, (at least so it is called,) is a low and Cyclopean structure, loosely formed of huge granite slabs, and nearly buried in the sands. It stands on the brow of the bank, overlooking the whole scene; a mysterious relic of man's wildest superstition. On that evening, the gloomy sky, where the sun had left one streak of fiery red, above the horizon, and the dark blue sea, rolling softly in, with a heavy murmur, like the echoes of most distant thunder, harmo-

nized as much with the dreary solemnity of the scene as with my own downcast feelings. Sunlight but ill becomes Lancresse Bay; it is like a gilt crown on the brow of a skeleton. And she was there—her deep, dark eyes gazing on the far ocean, as they were wont to do when we had sat there in our free and happy childhood;—all the memories of the past came thickly crowding on me, as I looked at her, so bright, so beautiful, amid that wild solitude, like a star in a sepulchre! We sat on the low roof of the Druid's cell, and talked together,—and it was there that I discovered my delusion, and found that Mariette's attachment was—*to me.* It was but a look, a tone, but it was enough. By that ancient chamber of mystery we knelt, and joined our hands, and plighted our faith. The evening breeze sighed heavily along the sands, the restless sea groaned with a hollow voice, the sky grew darker and more gloomy above us—it was ominous of our future lot—but we did not know it, we were happy. Oh Radclyffe!—I cannot dwell upon those days, so full of joy and hope. Is

not that sunshine ever the brightest that comes after the storm? I cannot speak of it—it was too bright to continue—the clouds returned, the scene darkened;—sickness came, and I saw her sink beneath slow decline. We took her to Jersey: in its warmer and more genial climate she revived, and all our hopes seemed certainties. But it was not so with her; the departing spirit has its own foreshadowings of the future, its own secret summons from its eternal home. It knows the warning, though we perceive it not. Such were her feelings, even amid restored health and happiness; while we thought it a symptom of the disease, and gave but little heed to her presentiments. She died—and I was not with her! I was in England, occupied in affairs of business at the death of my guardian, and happy in imagining her perfectly recovered! I flew back to Guernsey, at a summons from Saumarez La Foret, but I came too late—too late to see her, even dead! I could only kneel and weep over her grave in the burial-ground above the sea!'

I paused in my narrative; feelings long buried in silent submission, had once more burst forth, and a flood of tears choked my farther utterance. All the sympathy of Radclyffe's nature was aroused, and the tender friendship he exhibited at that moment made an indelible impression on my mind. After he had succeeded in soothing my excited spirit to somewhat of a calmer tone, he assumed a solemnity of manner for which I was not quite prepared.

'My beloved friend,' he said, 'it may seem harsh to use any language but that of compassion after such a recital of sorrows; and yet you know, as well as I do, that our true consolation must lie in the wisdom of Heavén, and not in the mere sympathy of earth. Do you not see the purpose of the Almighty Father in this chastisement, which is indeed so heavy to bear? Do you not see that your Mary was an awful snare to you?'

'Perhaps so,'—I replied, 'she was my idol, I confess—but I was young and enthusiastic, and it is a heavy, heavy stroke.'

'You do not see the full bearing of your own

case, my dear Willoughby,' said Radclyffe, 'God has chosen you for Himself, you have long been devoted to His especial service, and is it not written, that "no man can serve two Masters?" Think you that the Almighty Lord will suffer any earthly love to share that heart which he has selected to be his own peculiar temple?'

I was startled, for this idea was perfectly new to me; and I replied with hesitation,—'Of course, the mind of the especial servant of God must be free from all idolatrous love of the creature,—neither must it be stained with any open sin; but surely, Radclyffe, you do not mean to prohibit the true Christian, even if he be a priest, from the exercise of all earthly affections?'

Radclyffe smiled, and said, 'Let us understand each other. You confess that your attachment to your Mariette was nothing less than idolatry; now, do you think, if she had been spared to you, that you could have loved your Heavenly Master and His service only and supremely, as you ought to do?'

I was at a loss for a reply. Something within me whispered that his logic was sophistry, and yet my conscience smote me severely for the past—I remained silent.

'Be comforted, my dear friend,' he resumed; 'remember that whom God loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. He has scourged and chastened you, heavily indeed, but still in mercy. He would preserve your soul from earthly snares, to love him only. This was the reason why he took away "the desire of your eyes with a stroke," even as from the prophet of old; it was only to prepare you for the highest station in his service. You are already fit in a great measure, for this holy destiny; you tell me that you have lived a pure and religious life, no open sins have broken your baptismal covenant;[12] but this is not enough, negative virtue alone will not suffice; there must be self-denial, mortification,[13] a re-

[12] 'She has *sullied* her *baptismal robe* of *purity*.'—*British Critic*. April 1840. Review of *Tracts for the Times*. No. 86.

[13] See Dr. Pusey's *Scriptural views of Baptism*, for the cause of 'the *characteristic holiness* of the Church of Rome.—i. e. mortification.

nunciation of earthly hopes and joys, ere you can be completely fitted for the heavenly office of the priesthood. Take warning by this chastisement, acknowledge the Divine purpose in it. Withdraw from the common pursuits and connexions of the world; and above all, devote yourself to the holy state of celibacy,—as I have already done.'[14]

'I may say that I have done it also,' I replied, 'I shall never love another.'

'I am glad to hear it,' was the answer; 'but I should be still better pleased if you conscientiously professed this elevated state from principle: not merely from your present wounded feelings, but from a serious conviction that it is a state acceptable to God; I had almost said, the *only* one in which we can properly serve him.'

This view of the subject was new to me. He saw my surprise, and taking down a small book, he said, 'have you forgotten how beautifully our Professor of Poetry describes this blessed con-

[14] 'The present state of things in England, makes an opening for reviving the monastic system.'—Froude's Remains. vol. 1. p.p. 322, 385. seems to intimate that Mr. Froude, and his friends had once formed resolutions of celibacy themselves.

dition?—it is in the 'Christian Year,' which I lent you the other day.'

'I do not remember the subject,' I replied; 'I suppose it did not strike me, when I read it.'

'There are many things in that book which do not shew all their meaning to an unprepared mind,'[15] said Radclyffe; and then in the most musical of voices, and with the most refined and expressive cadence, he read these lines.

> "They say, who know the life Divine,
> And upward gaze with eagle eyne,
> That by each golden crown on high
> Rich with celestial jewelry,
> Which for our Lord's redeemed is set,
> There hangs a radiant coronet,
> All gemm'd with pure and living light,
> Too dazzling for a sinner's sight,
> Prepared for virgin souls, and them
> Who seek the martyr's diadem.

---

[15] A thing of that sort might *sneak* into circulation, as a book of antiquarian research; and yet, if *well managed*, might *undermine* many prejudices.'—Froude's *Remains*. vol. 1. p. 254. 'R. thinks biography the best means of *infusing* principles against the reader's will.' p. 321. See also p. 322. And at p. 365 he says, 'I shall try hard to *poison* the minds of the natives;'—'attractive and *poisonous*.' See also pp. 317. 377.

Nor deem who to such bliss aspire,
Must win their way through blood and fire;
The writhings of a wounded heart
Are fiercer than a foeman's dart,
Oft in life's stillest shade reclining,
In desolation unrepining,
Without a hope on earth to find
A mirror in an answering mind,
Meek souls there are, who little dream
Their daily strife an Angel's theme;
Or that the rod they take so calm
Shall prove in Heaven a martyr's palm." [16]

'And this is supported by an extract from Bishop Jeremy Taylor, that very celebrated divine. What will you say after this?'—he triumphantly enquired.

'I can hardly tell you,' I said, 'it is so new to me; but I like it very much. It is quite consonant to my crushed and agonized feelings to renounce all earthly attachments, and cling to God alone; but I will think about it.'

'Come and spend this evening with me,' he said, 'and I will then shew you how the Primitive Church viewed this important matter.'

We parted, and the more I thought on the subject, the more I felt inclined to Radclyffe's

[16] *Christian Year.* Wednesday before Easter.

views of it. I neglected to search the Scriptures, considering this as more a point of feeling than of doctrine. I merely consulted with my own inclinations, disgusted with all the hopes and pleasures that earth has to offer; and that evening, I entered Radclyffe's room more than half a convert.

I was cordially welcomed,—'Well, my dear Willoughby, I am delighted to have you here again; and to have you *alone* too, for Bell has but just left me,—that pest, who never will believe anything that cannot be proved like a mathematical theorem.'

'Bell is not quite of your way of thinking on these points?'—said I.

'No, I'll tell you the truth. He is an Ultra-Protestant,[17] and that means more than half a dissenter. He has nothing of that high and holy enthusiasm, and devotion to the Church, which the Christian neophyte should possess. I would not advise you to have too much to say to him on religion, for he will only unsettle your opi-

[17] See Dr. Pusey's *Letter to the Bishop of Oxford.* pp. 14, 88. and indeed throughout.

nions. I dare say now, he would quite laugh at the idea of our being "*terrestrial angels.*" '

I almost laughed too, at hearing this strange title, and replied, 'I have often heard of *celestial* angels, but pray what are *terrestrial* ones?'

Radclyffe looked grave. 'Sit down, my dear fellow, and holy St. Bernard himself shall tell you.'

We seated ourselves at the table, and taking one from a pile of venerable-looking books, he read the following passages, apparently at random, from St. Bernard's sermons.

'Who then should scruple to call the life of the religious cœlebs a celestial, an angelic life?' Hear how he addresses them: 'You grasp, my beloved brethren, the pearl of great price, ye grasp that sanctity which renders you like to the saints, and the home-servants of God, as saith the Scripture—*Incorruptness places us next to God.*' And then he calls them *terrestrial angels*, or rather citizens of heaven, although pilgrims upon earth, for so long as we are in the body we are absent from the Lord.' [18]

[18] St. Bernard, Sermons on the Canticles.

How shall he handle those divine elements of the altar, which his words convert into the real body and blood of his Saviour-God?'[24]

The train of thought, the whole line of argument was astounding and yet delightful to me; and this was the case, more or less, with every part of Radclyffe's Patristic system. Ever attached to antiquity, for its own sake, I was predisposed to bow to its authority in sacred things; and I neglected to consult the only true code of practical piety. Dazzled by the light which Radclyffe had thrown around the declaration—'*Thus saith the Church!*'—I never asked myself 'WHAT *saith the* SCRIPTURE?'

I now considered myself a celibate '*angel*,' of the Tertullian-Chrysostom school; and the next step was to condemn, as worldly and unsanctified, every member of the priesthood who

p. 14. 'Baptism is *not* a *sign*, but the *putting on* of *Christ*.' *Views of Baptism*, p. 102, and indeed throughout. See also *Tracts*, Nos. 72, 76, and 82; 'The *New Birth* at *Baptism*,' No. 80, p. 4.

[24] 'I should like to know why you flinch from saying that the power of *making* the *body* and *blood* of Christ is vested in the successors of the Apostles?' Froude's *Remains*, Vol. i. p. 326. See also p. 363, and Vol. iii. p. 43, quoted in note, 1. See also Dr. Pusey's *Letter*, pp. 131, 144. and Newman's *Sermons*, pp. 315—320.

did not pursue the same course; quite forgetting St. Paul's inspired directions to Titus and Timothy, respecting the family duties of bishops, priests and deacons.

* * * *

Radclyffe soon attacked me on a fresh point —fasting. We had been dining together in the Common Hall, where I had displayed a keen appetite, owing to a long walk I had taken with Winstone, but of which Radclyffe was not aware. After leaving the hall, he strolled with Bell and myself into Magdalen Walks, and seating ourselves under one of their majestic trees, we fell into conversation, and Radclyffe began to rally me upon my apparent indulgence in the good things of this life.

'I am afraid,' he said, 'you do not yet understand that mortification of the flesh which I recommended to you, a good while ago. Do you never practise the duty of fasting?'

'No,' said I; 'I seldom eat much; but certainly I never abstain altogether.'

Bell laughed.—'Now, Willoughby, listen to me, Radclyffe will make you fast till you are as

lean and lanthorn-jawed as himself. Look at him—he is a positive *Spiritual Quixote*, taken literally.'

'As for you, Bell,' retorted Radclyffe, 'I have not common patience with you. You will be one of the '*pampered aristocrats*,' the '*smug parsons*,' whom poor dear Froude set down as the first articles in the 'Apostolic Vocabulary.' For my part, I only aspire to be one of the '*Pauperes Christi*.'' [25]

This was an *argumentum ad hominem* to Bell, who was unfortunately somewhat stout in person; and he consequently lost his temper, as was too often the case in his arguments with Radclyffe.

'*Pauperes* Christi!' he repeated with a sneer, 'though we ought to be "poor in spirit," there is no need to be poor in flesh, that I know of.'

'Fast, my dear fellow, fast!' replied Radclyffe, laughing; 'depend on it, fasting will do you a world of good, in mind, body, and *temper* too.'

[25] *Remains*, Vol. i. p. 329.

Bell, indignant, instead of arguing the point, rose and left us.

'Let him go,' said Radclyffe, 'he shews a beautiful Christian meekness, does he not? But seriously, Willoughby, do you not consider what advancement in heavenly things you are losing, by omitting to fast?'

And as he spoke, a bright crimson flushed his usually pale cheek, and his eyes sparkled with what seemed to me a seraphic fire. He looked indeed a 'terrestrial angel;' I thought, as I gazed upon him, that I had never seen so fascinating an exhibition of holy self-denial, and I immediately resolved to fast also.

'You have no idea,' he continued, 'how this most Catholic practice of the early Church is gaining ground in our favoured university. Winstone prefers sleeping on the floor, and so do some others,[26] to whose health fasting is too prejudicial; but many both fast and lie on the floor,[27] and oh, if you knew the mastery we

[26] Froude's *Remains*, Vol. i. pp. 30, 44.

[27] Mr. Froude practised both these forms of penance. He fasted constantly: see Vol. i. of his *Remains*, pp. 12, 16—18, 24, 25, 28,

gain over both body and spirit, by these mortifications, and their value as active repentance for sins after Baptismal Justification,[28] I am sure you would practice them too!'

'I am determined to try,' I replied, 'I will not be left behind in this heavenly race; it will not be much trouble to me to fast.'

'Then your merit will be proportionately less,' returned Radclyffe; 'a man who is fond of good things finds fasting to be really a penance; but, if you are indifferent to the pleasures of the table, you had better lie on the floor; or, better still, break your rest by repeating the canonical night-services from your Breviary. And yet, there is an inherent benefit in fasting. Hear what the holy Fathers have said on it;' and he took from his pocket a little manuscript book, filled with extracts from the writings of the Fathers, which he always carried about him. 'St. Chrysostom,' he said, 'in the fifth of his celebrated Homilies on Repentance, speaks

29, 40—42, 49, 50, 52, 56, 61, 120, 212, 430, 441, 454, 456, 466. He commended it in others, at the expense of health, and perhaps life, p. 396.

[28] See Pusey's *Letter to the Bishop of Oxford*. p. 62, &c.

thus of Fasting: 'Wouldst thou learn what an ornament to man is fasting? and what a *guard* and *preservative*? Look well to the monastic tribe, blessed and admirable as it is! For these, fleeing from the trammels of common life, and running away to the summits of mountains, rear their huts in the tranquil wilderness; as it were, moored in a sheltered creek, and thither lead with them Fasting, as the companion of their lives. Wherefore it *makes angels of them*, men as they are. Wherefore God, at the moment when he made man, instantly committed him into the hands of Fasting, as to a loving mother, and excellent mistress, entrusted with his welfare.' 'And farther on,' pursued Radclyffe, 'he ascribes the escape of Daniel and the three children to fasting, for no doubt they used it, such saints as they were.'

He was proceeding to read farther extracts, when the sound of the chapel bells warned us to quit our position *al fresco*, and to repair to our evening prayers.

I now began to fast often; but as I had never been in the habit of excess, either in food

or wine, the practice diminished my strength without clearing my mind, or giving me that high power of self-control which Radclyffe had promised.[27] I also slept frequently on the floor, and purchased an alarum-clock, to rouse me to the performance of Matins and Prime; the first of which is said about an hour after midnight, the latter at sunrise. The usual consequence of these nocturnal devotions was a day of headache and stupidity, and an irresistible propensity to sleep in chapel. My soul was like the spirit of the parable, "seeking rest and finding none." I discovered the truth of the apostolic maxim, that "bodily exercise profiteth little;" for I never could realize any spiritual benefit from these self-imposed tasks,[29] yet I persevered in them, thinking that I was "doing God service." In what respect did I differ from a Popish monk? In little indeed but the name: I was a mere Papist in almost all besides. Some one has said that Romanism is a roaring and all-devouring lion; I can only add that if Popery

[29] My case was not singular, in either of these points: see Froude's *Remains*, vol. i. pp. 24, 36, 40, 41, 47, 49, 50, 63, 65, &c.

be the *lion*, Oxfordism is the *jackal*, as many an unwary soul besides mine has found, to its cost.

I had now been a year and a half at Oxford, and nearly the whole of that time I had been drinking in the 'poison,' (as Mr. Froude most admirably termed it,) of patristic antiquity, from the eloquent lips of Radclyffe. He was my principal companion; and Winstone, with whom I also associated a good deal, was little less devoted to the system.

Bell had never been a favourite of mine; I esteemed him highly, but he was too easily provoked, and too satirical to please my taste, and he thus lost the power of influencing my mind. I had no other intimate friends, and my tutor was far too intent on the high classical honours he intended me to take, to care much about my religious views. The theological lectures which I attended, as well as the sermons to which I listened, were those of the Tractarian party; so that I had no means of hearing any thing to shake my confidence in Radclyffe's orthodoxy.

Perhaps I may be asked whether any visions

of my former self and former state ever crossed my mind. Undoubtedly they did; and often with a force that set at defiance my determined efforts to feel that I had been in darkness until I came to Oxford. The beloved and venerable countenance of Dr. La Foret would present itself to my imagination, amidst my lonely Vigils and Primes; and seemed to reproach me with what I well knew he would call 'Popish will-worship:' and then I quieted the feelings thus aroused by the persuasion that he had not been favoured with that new light I had recently acquired, and that he belonged to the 'old evangelical school;' while some of Radclyffe's clever sophistries would occur to my mind, and fortify it against farther disturbance. And yet the dark reproachful eyes of Mariette would haunt me, in spite of all my logic; I could only try to believe that, were she at my side, she would think and feel as I did.

With pain and shame do I retrace these steps of my downward career. I would not record them for worlds, did I not feel that, as a warning to others, they may "serve my genera-

tion,"—that the penance of detailing my own follies and sins, unlike the senseless fasts and penances I then performed, may prove a benefit to my fellow-men.

Oh, Lord! who knowest the secrets of all hearts, and who shalt reveal them in the great day of Thy coming! Thou only knowest the extent of my guilt before Thee, in thus erring from Thy ways, and following the traditions of men; and yet Thou knowest also how far self-mistrust and a leaning on those who seemed endowed with Thy faith and fear, were the first causes of this apostacy from Thee.

* * * *

I must hasten onwards. Months passed away, and I became more and more entangled. One of our many conversations I cannot forbear to relate, both from the various important subjects it embraced, and the fatal step to which it led.

One evening, Bell, Winstone, and myself were at Radclyffe's rooms—Bell was not often of our party now; we had become far too 'Ultra-Church' for him, he said, and he with-

drew from us as much as possible; but on this occasion he was once more passing the evening among his old friends, and Radclyffe took the opportunity of arguing with him on some of the points in dispute between them. The subject of Justification was one of these; Bell contended distinctly and ably for the tenet of justification by faith only, as being the doctrine both of Scripture and of the Anglican Church. Radclyffe, *per contra*, defended the Tractarian view of Justification by Baptism and obedience,[30] with Mr. Newman's additional idea of Eucharistic oblation for sins after baptism.[31] The passages by which he defended his arguments are named below, but Bell quoted only Scripture.

'You are very fond of quoting the Bible,' said Radclyffe, 'but how do you know what it

[30] 'The righteousness wherein we must stand at the last day *is not* Christ's own imputed obedience, but *our good works*.' Newman's Lectures on Justification, p. 60. See also pp. 34, 36, 39. 'From the very time of *baptism*, they are temples of the Holy Ghost,' p. 168, also 260, &c. See also Dr. Pusey's *Letter*, pp. 42, 62, 82, &c., and *Views of Baptism*, pp. 5, 49, &c.

[31] 'The *Sacraments* are its *instrumental*, and Faith its sustaining cause (i. e. of Justification).' *Lectures on Justification*, p. 260. Thus if both Sacraments are instruments of Justification, sin after the one is remitted by the other.

means? Dr. Pusey must know better what the Scripture means than we can do, and he says it means this, and that the Church has declared such to be the case.'

'Then Dr. Pusey says that which is not true,' retorted Bell, warmly, 'I stand or fall by this point, and I will soon prove to you that the Church (that is our own Church of England) holds justification by faith only. Her eleventh Article says expressly 'we are accounted righteous before God *only* for the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ *by faith, and not for our own works or deservings.*' And just wait one minute,' he added, hastily rising, 'while I run to my rooms and fetch the Homilies, and I will soon shew you the belief of the Church out of the Homily on Justification, and those on Faith and Good Works, too.'

'You may save yourself the trouble,' said Radclyffe, firmly, 'I do not care a rush for all your Homilies put together. I say with Froude, '*I hate* the Reformation and the Reformers *more and more;*'[32] you know he always said,

[32] *Remains*, vol. i. p. 389. See also p. 435.

'The Reformation was a limb *badly set*, it must be broken again in order to be righted,'[33] and so think I.'

'Softly,' said Winstone; 'are you not putting too literal a meaning on his words?'

'Always softening down! Winstone,' said Radclyffe. 'No, I do not put one whit too literal a meaning on him. When a man calls a thing '*odious*,' '*badly set*,' '*and hates* it more and more,' why, I have a right to believe that he means what he says.'

'Yes, you have,' said Bell; 'and Froude *did* mean what he said as much as I now mean what I say—that you three are all but Papists.'

'We can afford to be called names,' replied Radclyffe; 'I stand on the broad foundation of the Primitive Apostolic Church, who must have known best; they are a thousand years purer than your old *dissenterish* Reformers.'

'In that case,' returned Bell, angrily, 'we stand on different ground and cannot meet.'

[33] *Remains*, vol. 1, p. 433. '*That odious Protestantism*,' p. 321. See also pp. 250, 252, 339, 379, 393, for his opinion of the chief English Reformers.

All the better,' retorted Radclyffe, 'I have no wish to argue the matter farther.'

Winstone and myself here interposed—'You are getting too warm, Bell,' I said, 'you will do no good by quarrelling about it.'

The gentle Winstone laid a hand on the shoulder of each, and said mildly, 'My dear friends, you must 'agree to differ,' the point is not essential.'

'*It is essential,* begging your pardon,' replied Bell, 'but I see it is useless to argue upon it any longer.'

Radclyffe recovered his usual good humour in a moment. 'Come, Bell,' said he, 'as you are so fond of your Anglican Church, let us hear what you have to say for her present condition.'

'I have that to say on which we shall squabble again,' replied the other: 'I consider her the purest and most Apostolic Church on the face of the earth; and I believe that, at the present day, she is more truly pious, orthodox, and usefully active, as a body, than any church has been since the days of the Apostles them-

selves,—unless perhaps we except herself just after the great and glorious Reformation.'

Radclyffe laughed. 'Oh, Bell!' he said, '*'great and glorious!'* fie, for shame!'

'I know you will laugh, and sneer, and pretend to argue,' returned Bell, 'and therefore I shall say no more; you asked for my opinion, you have got it, and I have done.'

'Well then, it is my turn,' said Radclyffe, and taking down a manuscript book, he continued—'I have taken the trouble to collect a few passages upon the present miserable state of our poor 'Ultra-Protestant' Church; and you shall hear what wiser heads than ours think about it. Poor dear Froude, in his day, said, 'I begin to think that the Nonjurors were *the last* of English divines, and that those since are *twaddlers*. The more I read, the more I am reconciled to the present state of things in England, and the prospects of the Church. It seems to be only the *fermentation of filth* which has long been in existence, and *and could not* be *got rid of otherwise*.'[34] In the very last

[34] *Remains.* Vol. 1, pp. 356.

British Critic, that invaluable organ of true Churchmanship, I found an admirable piece on the same subject.[35] The reviewer says that our Anglican Church is 'in a degraded condition,' that she has 'sullied her baptismal robe of purity, and is not permitted to come into the Divine presence till she has done penance, nor to raise her voice in the language of joy and confidence, without many a faltering note of fear and self-reproach.' So much, Bell, for your wonderful Church.' He read on—'She seemed to say at the Reformation, *make me as one of thy hired servants*, and she has been graciously taken at her word, *lowered* from her ancient and proper place, as the king's daughter, to the condition of a *slave* at the table where she should preside. Lower strains befit her depressed condition, and with such, in the English Church Liturgy, she is actually provided.'

'Very well,' Bell replied, 'think so, if you like; but beware how you profess yourself a

[35] *British Critic*, April, 1840. Review of *Tracts for the Times*. No. 86.

faithful minister of a church you so heartily despise.'

'Oh, poor, dear old Mother Church!' cried Radclyffe, gaily, 'no, I don't despise her, only I desire her washing, and dressing, and making fit to be seen; and of course that is my object in entering her ministry. Besides,' he added, in a graver tone, 'she has the Succession of the Apostles, and that must prevent any good Catholic Christian from despising her. But I think, with another number of this same Review, that she is sadly 'out of her place, converting in a Christian country.'[36] And that admirable Tract on Reserve in Preaching[37] upholds the same view, shewing us plainly that the present state of preaching in our Church is very wrong, I might say—*profane*.'

Bell made no reply, but I, for whom this was rather what Mr. Froude calls 'too fierce,'[38] ventured to ask for an explanation, and in answer, Radclyffe gave me the tract in question. I would that I could lay the whole of it

[36] *British Critic*. No. 54, pp. 260, 261, &c.
[37] *Tracts for the Times*. No. 80.
[38] *Remains*. Vol. i. pp. 302, 303, 308.

before my readers; but, as that would not be possible, I must content myself with extracting a few passages, which formed the subject of our conversation.

'You remember that text,' said Winstone, 'which forbids us to give holy things to the dogs, and to throw "pearls before swine"—do you not think our Church breaks that injunction, when, as is too often the case, she throws open the deepest mysteries of our holy religion to the unprepared gaze of the vulgar?'

'Why,' said Radclyffe, turning over the leaves of the Tract, 'this is spoken of here: we have the whole argument discussed, from our Lord's own example, from His moral government, and from the authority of the ancient Church.[39] And it is beautifully followed out; we have, in one place, censures on '*sacred things* brought out of their *chaste reserve*, and put forth to attract.'[40] Then he condemns the *exclusive and naked exposure* of so *very sacred* a truth; as '*unscriptural and dangerous;*' and he speaks of '*unhallowed approaches* to our blessed Sa-

[39] *Tracts for the Times.* No. 80, pp. 1, 2. [40] P. 69.

viour.'[41] Let us beware how we partake of this profane familiarity with holy things.'

'And pray, Willoughby,' added Winstone, 'observe what that comprehensive Tract says on the present style of religious schools,[42] where unprepared children are taught things sacred enough to be the subjects of an angel's meditation. Also about that very carnal wisdom and eloquence in preaching, which is now so great a means of popularity among the 'smug parsons.'[43] And above all, upon the light, mean, contemptible way in which people now build churches, not for God's glory,[44] but first to attract men. He shews clearly that by going to work in this cheap, degrading way, we make salvation really a great deal too common.'[45]

'Yes, that part of the Tract is as true as it is beautiful,' said Radclyffe, 'and well deserves the attention of the Church.'

[41] P. 78. [42] P. 72.

[43] P. 69. See also Froude's *Remains*. Vol. i. p. 329.

[44] *Tract*, pp. 68, 69.

[45] 'We have to fear lest, rather than doing good we be breaking that holy law, which hath commanded that we give not that which is holy to the dogs,' (i. e. by building too many churches.) P. 69.

'And pray, Radclyffe,' continued Winstone, 'while you have it in your hand, read Willoughby that fine passage which gives the root of the whole matter; that part about the *great secret*, which you and I admired so much.'

Radclyffe quickly turned over the leaves, and read as follows—"Fully to know that we are saved by faith in Christ only, and not by any works of our own, and that we can do nothing but by the grace of God, is a GREAT SECRET—the knowledge of which can *only be obtained* by obedience—as the crown and end of great holiness of life."[46]

'Now, Bell,' said Winstone, 'that is my view of things exactly; what say you.'

Bell had sat in silent amazement at this torrent of Tractarian absurdities; but now that he was called on by name, he started forward, and said, with extreme earnestness—'I say that if ever there was one device of the arch-enemy more ingenious than another, it is this doctrine which teaches that the only way to be saved is a *great secret*,—that it is to be revealed

[46] P. 49.

only to a few, when it was designed for all mankind,—and that those few must be prepared by holiness for the knowledge of the means of salvation. It is a juggling trick—and nothing less!—you had better say at once that a child is not to be taught his letters *till* he can read, or that the sick man must be cured *before* he can go to the physician.'

'Your analogies will not answer here,' replied Radclyffe, 'you are straining metaphors in an unjustifiable way. The child must be obedient before it can learn its A, B, C, and the sick man must be obedient before he can be healed; so must the Christian be obedient, good, and holy, ere it is fit he should know that he is to be saved without works.'

'If my metaphors are over-strained,' answered Bell, 'yours are quite beside the mark; the obedience of the two cases is not analogous. You put the effect before the cause, when you make holiness *precede* the knowledge of justification by faith; from that very knowledge and the consequent love of God who justifies us freely by His grace, flows this obedience and

holiness of life, which your divines are pleased to prescribe as needful *before* a man may know how he is to be saved.'

'You are so obstinate, Bell,' said his opponent, 'it is useless to argue the matter farther with you. Take the Tract to your rooms, Willoughby,' he added, turning to me, 'and study it well; it will fully enlighten you on these mysterious, but most important subjects.'

'I do not despair of our Church, after all,' observed Winstone, without taking any notice of Bell's arguments; 'I hear of improvements in every quarter. One friend of mine has begun to officiate in the ancient and Catholic manner, with his back to the people, and his face towards the holy altar.'[47]

'That is really very pleasing,' Radclyffe replied; 'and I understand that those capital hints of the British Critic, about the carving of symbols in churches,[48] will soon be generally followed out. I have heard of many crosses, and two or three triangles in new churches;

[47] See Froude's *Remains*, Vol. i, p. 390, &c.

[48] 'With the Cross should be associated other *Catholic symbols*

the Pelican is also fast appearing, and one zealous Churchman, whom I know, has actually had the Fish carved in two places above the altar.'[49]

'Delightful!' cried Winstone.

Bell could bear no more, but starting from his chair, exclaimed, 'If all this be not sheer Popery, I do not know what is! Good night, good night! may God open all your eyes!' And so saying, he abruptly left the room.

'Poor fellow!' said I, 'he is No-Popery mad. You may well call him an 'Ultra Protestant.''

'He has got the *Romophobia*,' replied Radclyffe; 'a very common complaint in these days, but there is no great fear of his biting us.'

'He is sadly indiscriminate in his censures of

still more than even itself *phonasta synetois*, (speaking to the discerning.) Such are the Lamb with the Standard; the descending Dove; the Anchor; the Triangle; the Pelican; the *Ichthys*, or Fish, and others. Perhaps the two or three last mentioned, as being of the most recondite meaning, should be adopted later than the rest.' *British Critic.* No. 54, pp. 271, 272.

[49] Perhaps I ought to explain to the general reader the reason of the Fish's sanctity in the early Church. The Greek word *Ichthys* contains the initials of our Saviour. Thus, *I* for *Jesus*, *Ch* for *Christ*, &c., and it was therefore considered a hieroglyphic of Him.

the Roman Catholics,' observed Winstone, 'I do not like to hear him abuse a Church which has such claims on us from her antiquity and Apostolic Succession, although she may have a few sad defects.'

'Oh, she is a shocking old Tridentine anathematizer,' replied Radclyffe, 'we have no ill will to her, if she would not curse us.[50] I often say, with our beautiful *Lyra*,[51]

> 'Oh, Mother Church of Rome! why doth thy heart
> Beat so untruly to thy northern child?''

'It seems to me that I have always been much in error about that Church,' I said; 'I should really like to see her a little nearer, and examine her *in propriâ personâ*.'

'That reminds me of a little plan of mine,' said Radclyffe, 'I have been thinking how pleasant it would be for us three, who are all of one mind, to go to France, and spend the long vacation in seeing those fine cathedrals, and studying the mass on its own ground; we could

[50] 'Nor shall I ever abuse the Roman Catholics, *as a Church*, for *anything except excommunicating us*.' *Froude's Remains*, vol. 1. p. 395. Also pp. 306—308, 434, &c.

[51] *Lyra Apostolica*, p. 229.

then converse with the priests, and hear what they have to say for themselves, and we should be able to judge candidly of the whole thing.'

'Had we not better go to Rome at once?' I asked, for my objections to Popery were rapidly giving way, and I wished to see it more in detail.

'No,' was the reply; 'at Rome the Church is too much mixed up with the State; we shall see the working of the religious system much better in France, where it is left to fight its own way, unencumbered with politics.'

To this plan we gladly assented; nor were we singular in our mode of spending the long vacation, the study of Popery on the Continent being rather fashionable at Oxford.

I still continued my correspondence with my beloved friends in Guernsey, although I carefully concealed from them the change in my opinions; and I now acquainted them with our project, omitting to mention its real intention, and merely terming it 'an architectural tour.' This brought a reply from my beloved preceptor, requesting us to take Guernsey in our route to France, and make his house our home

for some days. I communicated this invitation to my friends; but, though they were desirous of seeing the places and persons I had so often described, we all agreed that it would be better not to stay long in the island, nor to take up our abode at Dr. La Foret's house.

'We cannot do as we like, and keep our fasts, and repeat the Matins and Primes, if we are visiting those to whom we cannot make our views known,' said Radclyffe.

We all agreed in so wise an opinion, and resolved to decline the domestic part of the invitation.

PART III.

NORMANDY.

"Now the Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils."—1 Tim. iv. 1.

WE sailed on a splendid day in July; and after a short and delightful voyage, the Channel Isles came in sight. How often, and with what varied feelings, had I seen them rise above the deep! Now, I was under a new influence; and yet, though I felt somewhat resigned, after the first pang of memory had passed away, and deemed myself justly punished for presuming to devote to earth's treasures any share of that heart which should have been entirely given up to heaven, I could not look upon that scene unmoved.

Radclyffe stood by me on the deck—the

morning beams played over Sercq, over the black rocks which stud the sea, over the dancing waves, over the long undulating coast of Guernsey. I was ashamed that he should witness any emotion on my part, after all the counsels he had bestowed on me; I stifled what I could not but feel, and coolly pointed out to him all the various islets and other features of that exquisite picture. He was in raptures. Winstone soon joined us, and with as deep, but more quiet delight, surveyed the scene. As the shores of Sarnia became more near and distinct, Vale Castle, Belgrave Bay, and St. Peter's, were once more plain to my aching sight. I could even have wept, but the spell was upon me; I saw Radclyffe's clear keen eye watching me: I shrank from the display of what I well knew he would call *weakness*, and continued talking with much volubility. We drew near to the shore,—I could talk no longer; but I had kept up the effort of self-control until it became needless, and I moved about and trod the shore like one in a dream.

I had requested that the La Forets would

not receive us at landing, for I did not wish our first meeting to be in public. I left my companions at the hotel, and half unconsciously wandered up the winding streets to the college. Saumarez and Jane were with their father, awaiting my arrival: we *met*, and my torpor was at an end.

* * * *

Once more in the company of my Oxford friends, I felt astonished that thoughts and feelings which I had deemed extinct should have sprung up again so forcibly, during that interview with the beloved of my youth. I was shocked, stunned, at the revival of those natural sentiments which had been so long repressed under the iron rule of what I called religion, that I had believed them to be things of the past.

'Willoughby,' said Radclyffe, with much solemnity, 'I see this is a great trial to you; you are not yourself, my dear friend, you must not stay here, or you will relapse into all your old worldly habits of thought.'

'I am wrong,' I replied, 'I feel it, I know

it; I shall recover my better self when away from scenes which have still too deep a hold on my heart.'

'I wonder at your weakness,' he observed; 'I had imagined that your religious principles, and your devotion to the requirements of the Church, had been too deeply fixed to allow of such oscillation of mind as you now betray.'

This was too much. It roused me to brook my censor's eye without flinching, and to reply, 'You have never suffered as I have done, and therefore you cannot feel with me.'

That evening we spent with the La Forets. They received us with a calm cheerfulness that set my companions quite at their ease, but which was more painful to myself than the deepest melancholy. Alas for me! *theirs* was the true consolation of heaven under their sorrows, it supported and blessed them in patient submission—*mine* was but the hollow cheat of a mystical will-worship, and it had failed me on the first trial of its power. I was amazed at the composure they exhibited; they talked with my companions on general subjects, both li-

terary and religious, and each party was evidently pleased with the other. Radclyffe's brilliancy, and Winstone's refinement of feeling, were calculated to attract minds like those of the La Forets; and the lofty tone of piety which they maintained heightened the charm.

I sat, silent and thoughtful, until Jane went to the piano, at the request of Radclyffe, and began one of those strains to which I had so often listened from the lips of my Mary. I could bear no more, but stole out of the room, and quitting the house, sought with hurried steps the upper burial-ground. The moon was shedding a flood of the softest light over the quiet graves, the brow of the cliff, and the broad tranquil bosom of the ocean beyond, where the distant islands lay, calm as sleeping infancy. Every spell was broken, for the time; I was no longer Willoughby of Oxford—I was Eustace the boy again. I stood gazing, now upon that grave at my feet, now at the boundless deep below, and all the recent past seemed but a dream. I mused until I expected to hear *her* voice calling me, as of old—and then I

started, to remember *that* voice was hushed for ever, under the narrow mound before me. Oh! the long, wildering trains of thought that rushed through my mind in that hour! Then I repented of this recurrence to past feelings, condemned them, determined again to deem them sinful, and to be once more the humbled, self-mortifying ascetic that I had been for so many months.

At that moment, the night breeze swept by me, with a low moaning whisper—it had sounded so at Lancresse Bay, years ago!—the Druid's temple, and all its unutterable associations, came before me in a moment. I flung myself upon her grave in agony; I could have dashed all the fathers, and all their doctrines together, over the cliff into the ocean-depth below;—I felt that I hated them and their heartless chilling principles; for the moment, I saw them foolish, absurd, impious; but it was only the passion of the moment, I did not waver long. I remember that I had been a rebel against the stroke,—that I deserved punishment,—and then recurred, fresh and strong as if of yesterday,

that train of specious reasoning with which Radclyffe had first established his influence over my unstable mind. I gave way before it, I sank under the blight once more, and soon afterwards returned to my friends, more calm than I had quitted them, and reduced again, heart and soul, under the power of that insidious system which was rapidly dragging me into the depths of Popery.

I was questioned and rallied on my absence: I replied (how truly!) that I had been 'visiting a friend,' and enquired into the conversation that had occupied the party. They had entered into a discussion on the merits of fasting; Winstone had been, for once, thoroughly roused, and had gone too far; Radclyffe had qualified his statements, and smoothed the matter over—for he had all the wisdom of the serpent, though neither he nor any of us had much of the harmlessness of the dove. I saw that Dr. La Foret was startled, and at parting he gave me a solemn caution, not to be deceived by the false views of my companions. I felt myself not the deceived, but a deceiver, and made him little

reply; for I was, in truth, ashamed of my own duplicity. Had he spoken a few hours earlier, I had probably,—agitated as I then was,—confessed all, quitted my Oxford friends, and perhaps remained in Guernsey for life; but now, the struggle was past, I had forced myself back to that delusion whence I had escaped for so short an interval;—it was too late—the warning was vain.

* * * *

We stepped on French ground at Granville, and the next day we found ourselves on the high road to Coûtances. The scenery of France in general is tediously flat, but that of Normandy is bold, and often beautiful. The scale of natural objects was peculiarly striking to eyes accustomed, like mine, to the narrow glens and miniature mountains of the Channel Isles. The wide and sweeping vallies, the ancient, endless-looking forests, the broad rivers of Normandy seemed to possess an air of sublimity; and the situation of Coûtances struck me as one of the finest I had ever seen. Perhaps it somewhat resembles that of Bath, though far

superior; but the city itself is a miserable spot, when you are once within it. The approach lies over one of the lowest in a circle of lofty hills, forming a 'punchbowl valley' of great extent; in the midst rises another hill, low and round, on which the city is built, covering the sides with its houses and ancient trees, and crowning the top with its splendid triple-towered cathedral.

Coûtances Cathedral!—the scene of my first introduction to Popery—can I ever forget its perfection of form and fascination of beauty?—the mist of antiquity that seemed to brood over its altars, and the solemnity, the holiness which I felt, (or fancied I felt,) amid its exquisite aisles?

We attended mass, we watched the ceremonies with the Breviary in our hands; we joined in most of the prayers, so well known to us, and during others we said among ourselves, as we had often before done, 'What a pity but a few words were altered here!' The spirit of Popery was at work within us, little was the difference between us and the votaries who knelt around; and we were fully prepared for

the step which soon followed, however sudden it might seem at the time.

We afterwards conversed with some of the priests; and one of them, Father Villeton, a shrewd man, whom I have since known to be a Jesuit, astonished us by the liberality of his opinions. 'In fact,' he said, 'I may as well confess that the spirit of the age has rendered some improvements necessary in that church which it is still convenient to us to call *infallible*—sooner or later, they must be made; had they been adopted ten years ago, we should not have seen our holy brethren, the Seculars, driven from their monastries in so many parts of Europe; the churches ruined at the Revolution would all have been re-built, and things would now be as favourable to the Holy Catholic Church, as they were in the days of our former sovereigns—as in the glorious times of Louis Quatorze, when a Massillon and a Bossuet charmed and awed even a profligate court.'

We were delighted with such candour on the part of a Roman priest; we shewed him our Breviaries, and explained our views fully to

him. He was delighted in his turn, and assured us that a few concessions on each side would soon re-unite the Churches of Rome and England—'those quarrelling sisters,' as he facetiously termed them.

'Your admirable Church,' he said, with a smile, 'is fast making all the concessions which can be expected from her; ours is about to follow so good an example, and we shall soon see the glorious spectacle of their union. Then indeed, when the two great branches of Christ's Church have become one, will be accomplished the saying of the prophet; "Thus saith the Lord, I will take the stick of Joseph, and the stick of Judah, and they shall *be one in mine hand.*" Then we may justly look for that long-foretold period of glory and bliss, which each Church, alone, has been vainly endeavouring to bring about.'

'I have been accustomed to think,' I said, 'that the place of Scripture you quote refers to the Jews.'

'*All* the promises of God are made to *the Church*,' was the reply.

'Well!' exclaimed Radclyffe, 'I never expected to meet with so much openness and liberality of sentiment in one of your Church.'

'That only proves how little you know us,' replied Villeton, with a bland gesture.

'If your brethren are like yourself,' said Winstone, 'the sooner we are united with you the better.'

'I know,' added Radclyffe, 'that communications have passed between some members of our University and the head of a college at Rome, in order to see if a compromise between our Churches could be effected; the matter seemed difficult then,[1] but from what you say, there can now be no doubt of it.'

'Not the least doubt in the world,' rejoined the wily priest, 'a little more Catholic good-fellowship, a little more mutual forbearance, a better knowledge of each other, will soon reunite our churches. Of course you will not object to return to the Catholic bosom of the Mother Church, when the few remaining points of difference are adjusted?'

[1] Froude's *Remains*, vol. i. p. 306.

'Oh no!' we all exclaimed together; and Radclyffe added, 'we venerate the Roman Church for her antiquity, and admire many points of her practice more than our own English Church; if she will make a few concessions of doctrine, and not persecute us any more, we shall soon be the best friends imaginable.'

'Let me shew you our library,' said Villeton, leading us out of the Cathedral; and he there shewed us a variety of polemical works, read us long passages from the Fathers, and entered into an animated conversation on the antiquity and paramount claims of his Church. The impression made on my own mind was this—if the Church of Rome be so superior to ours in many points, and if she is about to give up the doctrines in dispute betwen us, there cannot be any great harm in joining her; for the two Churches will soon be united, perhaps as soon as I should make up my mind to enter the Romish pale. My readers will probably turn the argument the other way, and say, if they were so soon to be united, why not wait till the event took place? but my readers have not

been so long under Oxford tuition as I had been.

We parted from Father Villeton with the most friendly feelings, after he had enquired our route, and had been informed that it lay through Bayeux, Caen, Evreux, and other cities famous for the beauty of their churches.

'Well, my dear friends,' said Radclyffe, on our return, 'I did not propose our tour in vain. We shall gain our object: I begin to see more clearly into the real nature of our venerable Mother, the Church of Rome: what a pity that her garments should have any spot upon them!'

'Aye,' replied Winstone, 'as our dear Froude said in the *Lyra*,—

> ——'Oh that thy creed were sound!
> For thou dost soothe the heart, thou Church of Rome!
> By thy unwearied watch, and varied round
> Of service in thy Saviour's holy home.'

'A sentiment as true as it is beautiful,' I replied, 'like the 'austere beauty of the Catholic *Ethos*,'[2] which we now see in perfection.

[2] Froude's *Remains*, vol. i. p. 395.

What candour, what mild charity, what learning have we seen to-day, in that excellent priest.'

'I suppose if Bell were with us,' exclaimed Radclyffe, 'he would say the good Father was a Jesuit, and said all this just to take us in.'

'I am very glad he is not here,' replied Winstone, 'to put such uncharitable thoughts into our heads.'

'And he is so obstinate,' I added, 'there is no convincing him.'

'No,' said Radclyffe; 'I will tell you what Bell is,—only *inconvertible*, but not *incontrovertible*.'

And thus we passed the evening, diversifying our conversation with a stroll to the Roman aqueducts, in the neighbourhood of the city.

On leaving Coûtances the next day, some dull travelling, and a passing glance at the romantic, rock-perched town of St. Lô, brought us to the venerable city of Bayeux; and here our love of antiquity and historic recollection had full gratification, amid the antique buildings and primitive-looking streets,—redolent of

our conquering William and his Matilda,—and in which perhaps scarcely a stone had been altered since they rode, side by side, adown the winding way.

And then—the cathedral: far more impressive to my feelings, in all its venerable, massive magnificence, than is the studied and harmonized perfection of other churches. Some severe critics have described it as 'chaos worse confounded;' be it so, it is a chaos of beauty, and who would complain of that? Undoubtedly, Roman arches, Corinthian pillars, and Gothic windows are blended in the grandeur of the whole,—some parts are rich, even to elaborateness of ornament, others are sublimely plain; but all is splendid, nay, awful. Mine was not the eye of a critic, but of an enthusiast: the lovers of order and severe symmetry may complain, but I was fascinated, overwhelmed, by the lofty and time-worn, yet rich beauty of the whole. It looks like a fane built by giants, who have heaped together, in boundless and barbaric profusion, every decoration and adornment; clustered pillar, double arch, and

fretted wall are piled, one on another, with a lavish hand that can scarcely have been human.

After long and raptured admiration, I was startled by seeing before us the commanding figure of Villeton. He expressed as much pleasure as we felt surprise, and said, 'I have been suddenly called hither on the business of the church, and I have been looking for you all the morning, wishing to shew you the beauties of this glorious place.'

'It is glorious!' I exclaimed, 'never have I seen any thing comparable to it.'

'You prefer it then to the perfect symmetry and grace of ours at Coûtances?'

'Infinitely,' I replied; 'I look at these splendid fanes, not with the cold critical eye of an architect, but with the enthusiasm of a lover of antiquity.'

'Yet you must own,' interposed the priest, 'that the chaste harmony and exquisite proportion of ours are wanting here.'

'Yours is beauty cast in a mould,' I replied: 'this is grandeur as from the hand of nature.'

Villeton smiled—'*Mais bien, Monsieur, cha-*

cún à son goût ;' adding, 'nevertheless, harmony is one of the first qualities of beauty.'

Then, pointing to the right, he drew my attention to the pulpit—'that unutterable pulpit,' as Radclyffe well termed it; a vast mass of antique green bronze, clouds, angels, draperies and pillars, which looks like an antediluvian car, fit to be drawn only by mammoths. We gazed at it and at all around us for many minutes, when Villeton softly said, 'What think you of the piety of men who could rear such a pile as this?'

'I think they made an oblation most acceptable to God,' replied Radclyffe; 'and so think some of the wisest heads in our Church,[3] for they consider that one such fane as this, erected solely to the glory of God, is worth a thousand of the mean conventicles which we now call churches in England; and which are built only to attract unprepared souls, and to make the

[3] 'With regard to the building of churches, it is indeed one of the most natural expressions of a heart rightly disposed, as offerings made to God, arising in Him, and resting in Him as their end,—*merely*, I repeat, as *oblations* to God, and having reference to *Him alone*,' &c. *Tracts for the Times*, No. 80, p. 68.

mysteries of salvation cheap and common to the profane.' [4]

'You are perfectly right,' replied our companion, as he led the way into the side aisle. It was the morning of the Sabbath; high mass was about to commence, and at that moment the first note of the organ pealed forth; our Breviaries were in our hands, and as we knelt beside our priestly guide, he did not fail to stimulate our devotion by the judicious comments which he whispered into our ears, at various parts of the service. The music was one of Mozart's most fascinating, soul-subduing masses; and as its tones swelled, and rolled, and died away through the long sweeping aisles and lofty arches, an indescribable awe stole over the excitement of my spirit. Villeton was beside me; I met his eye, and thought I saw the same veneration hallowing his feelings. In a whisper scarcely audible I said, "Surely this is none other than the house of God!"

'"And this is the very gate of heaven,"' he

[4] See *Tracts for the Times*, No. 80, pp. 68, 69, &c. before referred to, in Part II. note 43, &c.

added, in a tone scarcely less impressive than the music itself. At that moment the host was elevated to the worshipping gaze of the people.

'Look!' whispered Villeton, 'there is the Saviour of mankind, held forth to our adoration!'

Borne away by the excitement of the scene, I fell on my knees, and—I shudder to record it—*adored the wafer idol!* My companions knelt too, but I know not whether they committed the same idolatry with myself. I remained absorbed in my fancied devotion, during the remainder of the service; and when it was concluded, I sought the high altar, unobserved by any but the watchful eye of Villeton, and kneeling there, I solemnly vowed myself a member of Rome's communion, a devoted son of the most ancient Mother. There was but one step to take, and I had taken it. I arose—*an* APOSTATE,—a slave to the "Mother of Harlots."

* * * *

Our new friend passed the remainder of the day with us, and I soon made known the step I had taken.

'I saw you kneeling before the altar,' he said, 'but I hardly dared to hope you were making so blessed a profession. My son, the Holy Catholic Church, by my unworthy mouth, bids you welcome to her bosom, and accepts your vows with a sacred delight.'

My friends were surprised, and Radclyffe blamed my haste; 'I little thought,' he said, 'when I first taught you the true Catholic doctrines at Oxford, that you would thus go beyond us all, and be the first to join the Church of Rome.'

Winstone, ever too gentle to blame, replied for me—'Let us not chide him till we are sure that he is wrong; perhaps we ourselves may soon follow his example.'

And *he did follow* it: we both returned to England professed Papists. Radclyffe went back alone to Oxford, to make new proselytes; I resolved to undertake the priestly office in the Romish Church instead of the English; while Winstone, ever retiring in disposition, abandoned his prospects at the bar, and determined to shelter his mild, misguided spirit in a monastery.

Such was our tour in France; I need not dwell on its latter details. The other cathedrals we saw had a different aspect to me; the grace of Evreux,—the glories of Beauvais,—the gorgeous grandeur of Rouen,—the rich, luxurious beauty of St. Pierre de Caen,—the majestic simplicity of l'Abbaye aux Hommes,—and the colossal splendors of Amiens,—all possessed a fresh charm for me; they were not only admirable in themselves, but they seemed to be my own, for I entered them as a member of the church which had reared them. I read the daily services of my Breviary at the altars of their side chapels, instead of my own chamber; I fasted, and lay on the floor as I had long been accustomed to do,—there was but little change; for, after all, the step I had taken was but nominal. It is indeed a little, not "a great gulf" that divides Puseyism from Popery.

I now determined to seek fuller instruction in the creed I had adopted, and requested the advice of Father Villeton, as to the best mode of obtaining it. He recommended me to enter some seminary where the doctrines of the Church

would be explained to me; 'but I should not advise you to go to any of our French ones,' he wrote, 'they are badly managed, and you will like the purer, stricter rule of the English Colleges much better. I have a friend at an excellent seminary in ——shire; indeed he is the superior of the establishment. To him I could give you letters, and I am sure he will receive you with joy, as a lamb newly rescued from the wolves, and brought into the true fold.'

With these letters in my possession, I left France, but not direct for England. I had an ordeal to go through on the way: Dr. La Foret had so earnestly entreated me to pay him a visit, before returning to my native country, that I could not refuse.

'I can trust you among those blind 'Ultra-Protestants' now,' said Radclyffe; 'you are quite safe.'

'I shall keep my change of creed to myself,' I replied; for I now see that it is lawful to use all means for the good of the Church, and I shall go more cautiously to work with my old

friend than to say, point-blank, *I am a Roman Catholic.*'

* * *

It was a calm, autumnal evening, and I stood once more in the upper burial-ground of St. Peter's. Dr. La Foret was my companion; our Mariette's grave was at our feet. We had talked long and sadly; but however well I tried to conceal my change of creed, something in the tone of my conversation had grated on his ear, ever keenly alive to the harmonies of religion.

'Eustace, when you and I met last,' he said, 'I warned you against the false, the Popish opinions of your companions, and now, I think, (nay, perhaps I do but fancy) that they have not been without their effect on your mind.'

I was silent, for I could not answer him.

'Tell me, my dear Eustace,—my son, for such I shall ever esteem you; tell me whether such is not the case?'

I was paralysed: the scene, the hour, the presence of my beloved, venerated friend, all had wrought upon my over-excitable spirit, and

produced a strong revulsion of feeling. Yet I could not bring myself to confess the whole, though I hated the deception I was practising. He observed my silent agitation: 'Eustace,' he said, 'tell me the truth, I conjure you,—by all our old affection,—by all your love for her who sleeps below!' and he pointed to the grave.

It was too much—I sank on my knees before him, and covering my face with my hands, I said—'My dearest father!—*I am—a—Roman Catholic!*'

There was no reply. At length I ventured to look up,—he stood in breathless surprise, his eyes fixed on me with the most painful emotion. Solemnly, but without anger, he said, 'I would rather have buried you in that grave, than have heard such a confession from your lips.'

He turned away and left me. I could not follow him: in desolation of heart, I remained by the grave, my Breviary was soon in my hand, and I consoled my broken spirit with prayers and invocations to the 'Mother of God;' to her whom the votaries of Rome address in every

weakness of humanity, deeming her, as a mere mortal, more alive to earthly joys and sorrows than her Son; and forgetting that He is not only omniscient, as God, but that as man also, He is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

* * * *

I quitted Guernsey with a heavier heart than ever, for I now felt self-exiled from that one spot to which I had ever looked, as the home of my heart. My only consolation was the thought that I was "doing God service," and that this abandonment of the friends and the religion of my youth was for the good of that Church by which alone God's will towards mankind could be accomplished. There is a loftiness of self-devotion in such a state of feeling as this, very pleasing to a romantic, enthusiastic mind; and I realized all the satisfaction it can bestow, hollow indeed in itself, yet sufficient to buoy up a spirit unburdened with solid judgment. I felt myself a voluntary sacrifice in a high and holy cause,—a martyr, in however low a degree,—and as such, progressing towards

a crown of stars and a palm-branch, in that kingdom of which Mary the Virgin is Queen, and the saints and fathers of Rome are the highest principalities.

Such was my return to England. I did not revisit Oxford, as I had no wish to meet Bell and others of my acquaintances again. I gave up my rooms, had my name taken off the books of my college, abandoned my hopes of 'honours,' and, after a few days of communication with my relatives, all of whom disapproved the step I had taken, I took my way to the Popish Seminary, which I shall call St. Austin's.

PART IV.

ST. AUSTIN'S.

"They profess that they know God; but in works they deny Him, being abominable, and disobedient, and unto every good work reprobate."—Titus i. 16.

I APPROACHED the Seminary with a troubled and heavy heart, seeking that rest which the weary only can value. Such rest I hoped to find within its walls; there I trusted that every difficulty, every doubt, would be removed,—every rough place in Rome's creed and practice be made smooth,—and those feelings of mistrust and uneasiness, which still clung to me in spite of all my struggles, be changed into full confidence and love for the 'Holy Catholic Church.'

How far these expectations were realized, will hereafter appear.

constantly sought his advice and assistance. His influence extended through every department and over every inmate of the College; all asked his opinion, all desired his favour. He was mild and courteous to all; he never assumed authority, and yet every one yielded to him. He was seldom absent from his little chamber; but if he was ever seen in other parts of the seminary it was always where and when he was the least expected, and I may add, the least wanted. If two or three of the students, or a couple of priests, were engaged in private conversation, a shadow would flit across the gallery, or through the room; and the startled youths, on turning round, would see Father Eugene noiselessly approaching, his keen, large eye fixed upon them: how long he had been near them, or why he came, they could not tell. He always knew of everything that passed in the house, but how he obtained the information no one could say. I have said that he seldom quitted his room; and yet, had he been always everywhere present, he could not have been better informed of what passed. Some of the

younger students maintained that he was possessed of supernatural powers, and they stood in mysterious awe of him. They told a story of his appearance among them after they had locked their door, and protested they had heard his voice behind them, in their study, when he was known to have been in chapel.

Of course we did not believe these tales, yet they were not without their effect, and we always felt that a peculiar mystery and charm hung about him. Yet I wondered that any such feeling existed, when I saw him meekly seated amid his books, looking as little like a spirit, or even a genius, as any man well could do.

His office was to teach theology, and my studies were entirely under his direction. My previous course of tuition had supplied that portion of general and classical knowledge which was deemed sufficient for the priesthood, and theology was now my especial province; consequently I was more in company with Father Eugene than most of the other pupils.

I soon found a strange fascination about my tutor. He was always courteous to me, but

silent and reserved; yet, I know not how, there was a charm in his society that often kept me longer in his room than my reading required. By degrees he became more communicative, and would converse on general subjects, especially upon metaphysics and the logic of the schools. His influence over my mind now increased; I could have listened to him the whole day. His fine expressive voice, conveying the sublimest speculations of the human intellect, was indeed a feast to me, and I was wont to linger with him, unreproved, till the entrance of other pupils compelled me to withdraw.

I felt myself daily strengthened and enlightened in my new creed by his explanations, and warmed by the devout fervour he would exhibit, so different from his usual cold and abstracted manner. When his countenance kindled with this holy flame, (as it seemed to me,) it became indeed seraphic in my eyes: I was enchanted by its unearthly expression, and could have gazed on him till I wept.

Oh God, who art more merciful than man! Thou only knowest the deep-laid treachery, the

detestable sophistry, by which my unwary soul was beguiled. Thou only knowest the extent of that influence which Thy creatures exert over each other, when gifted with lofty intellect, and the most subtle powers of suasion. Thou only canst know how far my compliance was sin, and how far it was submission to an overpowering compulsion. All is known to Thee; and to Thee alone would I commit myself, however hopeless, however lost!

* * * *

The snare was broken at last. Even Father Eugene failed, and the victim escaped his toils, But I am anticipating. I had gradually sunk lower and lower into the depths of Popery, and had adopted tenets and practices from which I should once have shrunk as from 'doctrines of devils.'

The doctrine of 'Intention,'—that odious dogma, whose very existence is unknown to many Protestants, and, I would hope, to many Roman Catholic laymen also,—which makes the validity of even the Sacraments depend on the *intention* of the officiating priest that they

should be valid,—and which enables him, by not *intending* the words he utters, to make oaths not binding, penance unavailing, baptism, marriage, orders, null and void, and even the last extreme unction a mere juggling mockery, instead of the passport to heaven which the deluded dying victim believes it to be,—this monstrous, this infernal dogma, I had been brought to believe, by a gradual process of teaching.

The doctrine of the Real Presence I had received at Oxford, long ago, among so-called Protestants;[1] I had learned, from my Breviary, the value of saintly intercession, and the Virgin's right to honours semi-divine.[2] I had very little more to learn on these subjects; I had only to raise the Virgin above her Son, and to ask those benefits before the images of saints which I had already been taught to expect from their spiritual mediation. 'Intention' was a point on which I had hitherto been ignorant; but Father Eugene had educed it so clearly

[1] See notes 3 and 24 of Part II.

[2] 'Mary! we yield to thee
'All but idolatry.'—*Lyra Apostolica.*
See also the poem on the Annunciation in the '*Christian Year*.'

from that Apostolic Succession, and Divine power delegated to the priesthood, in which I had so long believed,[3] that, though at the first glance I drew back, I soon saw it to be the necessary consequence of these doctrines, and received it also.

Purgatory, he candidly told me, was not to be proved either from Scripture, or from the early fathers; but was a convenient means of extending that dominion over men's minds which the Church must possess, in order to save their souls.

'You need not *believe* it, unless you please,' said the Jesuit, with the nearest approach to a smile which I had ever seen on his countenance; 'you may do as you choose about that, but you are bound to *preach* it; and in fact you will find your authority over your people half destroyed, unless you do so.'

The lawfulness of every action that tends to the support of the all-saving Mother Church of Rome, was another point that flowed unavoidably from this line of argument. I had long

[3] See notes 3—6, 24, of Part II.

seen this doctrine distinctly in the distance, and indeed I had received it before it was required of me by my tutor.

He was pleased with my readiness, and told me candidly that he had expected it would startle my Protestant prejudices more than it seemed to do. Alas! I had no prejudices left to be startled :—what he termed such, namely, the Scriptural principles of my early youth, had all been undermined by the insidious reasoning of Radclyffe, long ago; I had nothing left but feelings, and they lay so deeply hidded, and had been so seldom called into action of late, that I suspected their existence as little as did my skilful teacher. His instructions had not interfered with them, for he had artfully contrived to touch very lightly on every subject which might wound my heart, (if I still possessed one) and the bare tenets had little or nothing to do with the feelings.

As to the honesty of preaching a disbelieved Purgatory, and of doing 'evil that good may come',—even in these he merely presented to my mind a parallel case to that of the sick man,

who is deceived into drinking the only medicine that can save his life,—or that of the froward child, who is terrified by false stories of goblins from that act of disobedience, and perhaps danger, from which he could not otherwise be deterred.

'If you bring men under the Church's authority, you save their souls,' he said; and added, with a fervour I could not resist, and even now I can never forget,—'if you save the soul, what matters a slight deception passed on the understanding? and that understanding probably so weak, in nine cases out of ten, that only the most childish and obvious arguments will ever affect it. Minds like yours and mine, my dear Eustace, see through these puerile inventions, by which we are compelled to keep an ignorant, half-brutal multitude in subjection to the laws of order and religion. Of this class are Purgatory, miracles, pilgrimages, and many other branches of useful doctrine, which we must impress on our people, if we mean to keep them under our power, and within the pale of that Church, out of which their souls must be

lost eternally. Those,' he continued, 'who have been educated as Protestants, like yourself, generally recoil from teaching others what they cannot themselves believe, and what in fact we do not wish them to believe. They say it is *painful* to their *feelings* to preach what they know to be a mere human invention,—to pronounce that absolution which they do not feel empowered actually to give,—and so on. But, setting aside the impossibility of managing the 'swinish multitude,' unless we make good use of their innate superstition, and also of gaining that acquaintance with every person's temperament, habits, connexions, plans and wishes, which we obtain through the confessional, which we never could gain by any other human means, and which is so essential to the universal supremacy of our order, that is, of the Catholic Church,—setting aside all this, let me ask you these simple questions: Are we not privileged beings, selected and set apart, by God Himself, for the salvation of this sinful world? Can any human destiny be higher? What is the king, who governs the bodies of men, compared with

the priest, who reigns supreme over their souls and consciences, from his lowly, despised throne in the Confessional? And shall we, preferred to this superhuman dignity, successors of the apostles, delegates from God, shall *we* make no sacrifices in this sublime service? What are our petty notions of propriety, our imaginations of right and wrong, our little private feelings, when weighed against the immutable, unfathomable purposes of that Eternal Being who has decreed that all the world shall bow before His throne, and who has appointed us His ministers to effect the glorious work? Oh! what are the weak arguments, the contemptible likings and dislikings, the childish fancies of man, to the inscrutable, inviolable, eternal ideas of the Most High?'

I was overpowered by his sophistry and eloquence, and gave up from that hour all thoughts of making farther appeal to that conscience which God had given to guide me; right and wrong were thenceforth nothing,—the will, the service, the advancement of 'the Church' were

tics in your parish, what will you do?' asked the Jesuit.

'Exhort them, Father,' I replied, 'and endeavour to convince them of the truth, as I myself have been convinced.'

'Right,' returned he, 'but supposing that you should not succeed in this plan, what would you do then?'

'I can do no more, Father,' I said, 'but excommunicate them, and warn my faithful flock to avoid them.'

'Unhappily that is all you can do at present in this heretical country,' was the reply; and then, in a tone of deep solemnity, he asked,—'But tell me, what it would be *your duty* to do, could you wield the full, undisputed power of the Church, as in Italy, or the France and Spain of former days?'

I started,—the train was fired,—remembrances of massacres, of blood and torture, crowded upon me, and I said, hurriedly, 'In those barbarous ages, Father, heretics were given over to the secular arm, for contumacy; but that is a point which the Church has not

continued to hold in the present day, I suppose?'

The Jesuit's countenance assumed an air of surprise, and he asked, 'What do you mean by the Church *discontinuing* to hold any doctrine she has once professed?'

I was at a loss for an answer. 'Sir,' said Eugene, with a stern gaze that seemed to penetrate my very soul, '*is* the Church *infallible*, or *is she not?*'

'Certainly she is,' was my unfaltering reply.

'Then, Sir,' he rejoined, 'be pleased to explain how a church which is *infallible* can alter the doctrines she has once professed, without thereby acknowledging herself, on the contrary, to be *fallible?*'

I was again silent. With a softened manner, the Father resumed, 'My young friend, your mind does not seem clear on this matter of the treatment of contumacious heretics.'

He rose, and taking down an antique volume from the shelf, and assuming his deepest tone of voice, which resembled the soft echo of most distant thunder, he said—'HEAR THE

CHURCH!' He sat down, and with a gesture of mingled awe and dignity, opened the book and read—'If any shall persevere in excommunication for a twelvemonth, thenceforth they shall be *condemned* as *heretics*. And let the secular powers, whatever offices they may hold, be induced and admonished, and if need be, compelled by ecclesiastical censure, that (as they desire to be accounted faithful) they should, for the defence of the faith, publicly set forth an oath, that to the *utmost of their power* they will *strive* to EXTERMINATE, from the lands under their jurisdiction, ALL HERETICS who shall be *denounced by the Church*.'[5]

He gazed on me—I recoiled—he marked the movement, and gazed upon me still more fixedly, and with a severe air, as if to over-awe my spirit by the despotic power of his eye. Had it been more mild, I had perchance yielded, in spite of my long-harboured suspicions, but that expression of sternness, if not tyranny, roused me, and I exclaimed, 'I will not receive it!'

A deep crimson flush rose to his brow, and

[5] Fourth Lateran Council. Canon III.

while his eyes flashed fire, he calmly and in a low thrilling voice, pronounced the awful word, 'Submit!'

'I will never submit to hold it!' I said, starting up—'what? my very parents, my beloved friends, my MARY—all to be '*exterminated*' for holding what they believed to be the truth of God? Impossible!—*never*!'—and I stamped on the floor with indignation. My warmth seemed to cool that of my tutor, his eyes grew more mild, and with an aspect of calm, insulted authority, he bade me listen.

'Young man,' he said, 'you have already acknowledged the submission due from mere human feelings to the laws of the Church, (which are nothing less than the decrees of God himself)—from the finite to the Infinite—are you again to be reminded of that submission? Let me ask you, are heretics to be spared, when they *can be* destroyed? Are they to be left, to contaminate the faith, and endanger the souls of true believers, when they *may be* cut off! Are they to remain, to spread their pestilence unchecked, and to pollute the face of God's

earth with their abominations, because they may happen to be *your* friends or *mine*? Perish every friend, every relative I possess, rather than such a monstrous anomaly should be suffered! Know you not that all,—yes, *all*, must be bent—or *broken*—to the sway of our Holy, our Infallible Mother?'

I had recovered myself during this awful harangue, and I dared (for, under my circumstances, it was an act of extreme daring) I dared to reply—'*Bent or broken!*' aye, I understand you!—every feeling which God has implanted in the human breast is to be '*bent or broken*' beneath the iron wheel of your relentless system;—beneath the tread of your mental despotism—the Church!'

Father Eugene, completely thrown off his guard, had started from his seat; he stood, pale as the dead, and trembling from head to foot with uncontrollable rage; his figure seemed to dilate, while his large eyes flashed upon me, like those of a tiger in act to spring. For a moment, his tongue seemed powerless to utter the torrent with which it was loaded. 'Fool!

—heretic!—accursed rebel!' at length he faltered out, 'Dare you to speak—to imagine—' he could say no more, choked with his own passion.

'Yes, Father Eugene, I *dare* it!' I replied, roused to the highest degree of excitement, 'I *dare* again to think for myself. Long have you blinded me, long have you crippled my understanding, my very soul!—but the snare is broken, the veil is rent, and I dare once more to be the rational being that Heaven made me!'

Eugene stood gasping for utterance, and only gave vent to his fury by stamping vehemently on the floor. His eyes, his majestic form, his unearthly countenance, I never may forget. I felt as if standing before the Arch-Enemy himself; and I believe I was wound up to that pitch of feeling which would have faced even him undauntedly. It required but little less courage to face the Jesuit at that moment. The only word he could speak was an echo of mine, —'*Dare*?'—he said, and at that moment, several of the priests and students rushed in, and stood astounded at the unusual aspect of Eu-

gene, and the equally strange audacity of his pupil. I cared not if the whole college of cardinals, with the Pope at their head, had entered, and I repeated—''*Dare?*'—yes, I dare to think for myself once more; I dare to tell you that your Church is a *tyranny!* You yourself have taught me that she is a deceiver, and a murderer!—you *yourself* have opened my eyes, and from the bottom of my soul I thank you!'

Eugene could bear no more, but sprang towards me like a beast of prey. The priests ran between us, unwilling that their idol should degrade himself by a personal encounter. It was well they did so, for it would have been a frantic struggle. I stood erect, and looked defiance to the Jesuit, who was forcibly held back by those around him. At this crisis, the Superior himself entered, and though astonished and agitated by the extraordinary scene he witnessed, he retained enough of his dignity to order the bystanders to remove me to my chamber. I yielded immediately, and was led away by half a dozen eager myrmidons, anxious to display their zeal and obedience.

I was dragged along the gallery, passive as a child; I had enjoyed my revenge on the baffled priest, and I cared not for the future. I was thrust into my room, and overwhelmed with reproaches, and even curses, by the zealots who surrounded me; the door was locked, and—I was *alone*.

By degrees my passion cooled, my brain grew steady. I felt my true position—I saw myself well repaid (and oh, how bitterly!) for my base desertion of all I had ever deemed sacred—I saw the horrible depths of apostacy into which I had fallen, and the imminent danger in which I stood. I will not attempt to display before my readers the reflections of that awful night, broken only by soft footsteps now and then stealing along the gallery, and the distant swell of the chapel music at vespers.

I started, when its tones fell on my ear, as if I had heard the voice of the Tempter himself. It was the same which I had once heard amid the gigantic aisles of Bayeux Cathedral—that same magnificent mass which had then chained my wavering soul to the idol's altar. The thrill

was too strong for my over-wrought spirit—the APOSTATE covered his face with his hands, and wept.

* * * *

At day-break I awoke after a brief slumber, feeble and exhausted. The fever of my brain was gone, and I felt keenly the tremendous excitement of the previous day, the want of food, and the long wakefulness of the night.

The superior had calculated on all this; and after I had lain half asleep, half dead, for a time, I heard footsteps approaching; my door was unlocked, and one of the priests entered, with a manchet of bread and a small jug of water in his hands. It was Father Francis, a cold stern man, to whom I had a strong aversion; his countenance was more repulsive than ever, and after placing the food on my table, he retired in silence; a silence which I did not care to break. I was almost too faint to crawl across the narrow room, and take the bread I so much needed; I had however accomplished this, and had eaten the first mouthful, when the door re-opened, as if by magic, and the superior entered,

followed by the odious Francis. They seated themselves upon my pallet-bed; I laid down the manchet, and leaning against the table, gazed earnestly at the superior. Every token of the anger which I knew he must feel was carefully repressed, and the only visible expression on his face was that of dignified pity.

'Mr. Willoughby,' he said, 'I rejoice to see, by your altered countenance, that you are sensible of your awful offence.'

This was begging the question, but it shewed me that mercy was the present order of proceeding, and I was glad of it. During the struggle of the preceding day, I could have faced even death itself in the mad excitement of the moment, but now it was otherwise. I had been allowed time for reflection, and I dreaded the severities, or even destruction which my fancy represented as hanging over me. I therefore bowed my head and remained silent.

'You are conscious of your very aggravated offence?' repeated the superior.

I felt deeply conscious of many aggravated offences, and replied, 'I am so.'

cis! we must have proper measures taken to restrain him.'

'Hear me, Sir,' I said, 'I am no madman, I am unfortunate,—betrayed,—deluded; but I speak truth, and you know it, or you would not treat me thus. Your worthy Eugene knew that I spoke truth yesterday, and that urged him on to the fit of rage in which you saw him.'

They had risen, and were about to leave the room, when I started forward and demanded to be released from confinement, and placed at liberty to return to my friends.

'You are a madman,' replied Francis, 'and you shall be treated accordingly:' the superior had already escaped at the door, which was locked on me in a moment. The effort was over; I had exhausted all my strength, and sunk insensible on the floor.

* * * *

My situation was a critical one. Had I been in a foreign convent, a dungeon for life would probably have been my lot; but, happily for herself, England is not yet reduced to the level of Italy;—though it is not easy to say how soon

she may be thus degraded, while Popery continues to be fostered throughout the land, and the teachers in a Protestant university are permitted, unrebuked, to 'beguile unstable souls' to the very threshold of Rome. And well did I deserve the dungeon, not for speaking the truth once more, but for having so long dwelt in fatal error,—not for bearding the priests of the Papacy, but for my base apostacy to their creed.

Yet God is all-merciful, and even I was not left to the punishment I so richly merited. On that day whose morning I have just described, my ever kind relative Captain Willoughby, to whom I had been so deeply indebted in my early days, arrived at St. Austin's, resolved to make a last effort for my liberation from those Popish snares in which I had been so fearfully entangled. They were already broken,—all that remained to be effected was my personal liberation from the grasp of my tutors.

My kinsman was no longer a young man; he knew much of the world, and not a little of the Romish priesthood. As soon as he heard, from the indignant superior, the events of the pre-

vious day, he insisted on his right to see me, and to take me away, if I wished to leave the College. I need not detail the long jangling debate which ensued, the priests insisting that I had bound myself to remain three years at St. Austin's, and that they had a right to imprison me for insolence, as was the rule of the house. The first statement was utterly false, and the production of the superior's letters, written to me before I had entered the seminary, proved it to be so. As to the matter of punishment, my friend urged that I was no longer a child, and should be dealt with by reason and persuasion, not by coercion. It was useless, the superior would not relax his grasp, and I refused, with equal stubbornness, to apologise or to submit. Father Eugene wisely absented himself altogether, on the occasion; and we were told that he felt it 'beneath his dignity to appear in an affair in which he was so deeply and personally concerned.'

Captain Willoughby was not easily baffled; he tried another plan, and one generally successful with the brood of Rome. He proposed

to substitute a fine for the imprisonment, and that I should also pay for half a year's board in advance, besides what I already owed the College.

'I am sure,' he said, 'if my young relative really wishes to quit St. Austin's immediately, he will not object to satisfy any reasonable demand that can be made.'

This proposal was an agreeable one to both parties. I would gladly have sacrificed half my property to obtain instant freedom, and the superior was not sorry to rid himself of a refractory pupil on terms so much more profitable than shutting me up in my chamber; and yet, any sum he was now likely to receive was but an indifferent substitute for the whole of my fortune, which he had expected to have at his disposal in due time.

He therefore named as large an amount as he possibly could, much larger than he could legally demand, and Captain Willoughby was disposed to have recourse to arbitration; but a few hundreds more or less was no object to me, compared with immediate escape from my pre-

sent position. I instantly signed a draft for the whole of the superior's demand, hastily collected my clothes and books, and—hardly daring to credit my own senses—I left St. Austin's with my friend.

* * * *

And now I am free to roam over the world, with the brand of Apostacy stamped on my heart,—I can scarcely believe that it is not visible upon my brow,—shrinking from every eye, and dreading lest every tongue should reproach me with that sin whose guilt cleaves so fast to me, and burns into the very depths of my soul. I fear to look for forgiveness, for I sinned against light and against knowledge. I see, with a horrible distinctness, the magnitude of my offence; sufficient light had been given me to perceive the snares into which I fell. Had I reflected, had I reasoned,—above all, had I sought the Divine guidance, and searched those Scriptures which are given as a chart to the wandering course of man through this dark and deceitful world,—I had never been perverted by Radclyffe's tissue of Patristic absurdities, mor-

tifications, and will-worship,—and never had I thence sunk into the depths of Rome's idolatrous abomination.

And yet, if there be no hope for me, why was I not left to perish on those 'dark mountains'?—why am I snatched, "like a brand, from the burning," and given to see the enormity of my sin, and the greatness of that mercy which has saved me from continuing in it? Is this only to increase the weight of my condemnation?—Is there no grace in it, no hope?

Thus I have sometimes ventured to reason; but Thou, O Lord!—whom I have forsaken, Thou only knowest! And yet, it cannot be—He is gracious, even "to the unthankful and the evil," as well as to the righteous; and therefore He has pitied me, the evil-doer, the Apostate—this is all. My soul, be silent before Him!

* * * *

Light dawns upon my darkened spirit. A message of mercy has come to me since I penned the foregoing Confessions, and I have almost dared to hope again. That beloved

hand which has so often guided, supported, comforted me, has been commissioned to perform the blessed office once more. He writes thus—

'Eustace, my dear son, my long-lost wanderer,—Forgive me that I have been so long silent, that my wounded heart refused to hold communication with one who had confessed himself an Apostate, at the grave of my child.

'They tell me you have left the Romish College—thanks be to God!—you are "escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler, the snare is broken, and you are escaped." I know not how to express my joy and gratitude at this news. But I have heard also that you are in great despair of mind; this is not well, my dear son; you have indeed fallen, oh how fearfully!—yet be of good cheer, and remember that there is infinite mercy with God, through Jesus His Son. Come back to me, my beloved Eustace, shelter your weary heart once more in the home of your childhood, and be my companion again. Meanwhile, take comfort to your troubled spirit, believing that mercy is yet in

store for you. Far be it from me to buoy you up with any false hopes or self-righteous expectations; yet until we meet, (for I cannot think that you will not return to me) remember the history of that Peter, who after profanely denying his God and Master three times, even in that Master's very presence, was yet forgiven; nor only forgiven, but beloved, and honoured to convert others. Like him, you have fallen "from your own stedfastness;" but, like him, you have acknowledged your sin and are weeping over it 'bitterly.' Like him, may you find mercy, and "grace to help in time of need," and may you yet become an instrument of good in that Almighty hand which could make even the faithless Peter the means of converting three thousand souls in one day.

'Farewell for the present, my beloved son, Saumarez is with me, and bids me say that he anxiously waits to welcome you back to the shores of Sarnia. Write to me speedily, we long to know your resolution. Believe me, as ever, my dear Eustace, your most affectionate friend and father,

'PHILIP LA FORET.'

Yes, I will go to him—my beloved island-home shall once more be the haven of my tempest-tossed spirit. Like the prodigal, "I will arise and go to my Father;" nor only to him who has been as a father to me upon earth, but to Him who is still "the Father of mercies," though I have slighted and forsaken Him. In the person of His Son, He pardoned the desertion of Peter; He *may* pardon mine. I will hope, though it be even "against hope."

Look down upon me, thou Author of all mercy, thou Saviour of mankind!—though I scarcely dare to breath the petition—"I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes"—viler than the vilest, the Apostate falls before Thy footstool, and even ventures to pray—be it in vengeance or in mercy, Father, "Thy will be done!"

THE END.

Lately Published,

FELIX DE LISLE;

A NARRATIVE.

In foolscap octavo, price 4s. 6d. cloth.

PRINTED BY
L. AND G. SEELEY, THAMES DITTON, SURREY.

THE

CHRISTIAN'S FAMILY LIBRARY.

EDITED BY THE REV. E. BICKERSTETH.

Just Published,

AFFLICTION.—Peace for the Christian Mourner; Select Passages fron various Authors. Edited by Mrs. DRUMMOND, with a Preface by the Rev. D. K. DRUMMOND, B.A. Minister of Trinity Chapel, Edinburgh. Price 5s. in cloth.

Volumes previously Published.

LUTHER.—Luther, and the Lutheran Reformation. By the Rev. JOHN SCOTT, M.A., of Hull. In two vols. with portraits, Price 12s. in cloth.

PAYSON.—The Life of the Rev. Edward Payson, D.D. Revised by the Rev. E. BICKERSTETH. One vol. price 5s. in cloth.

LIFE OF CHRIST.—A Harmony of the Gospels, on the system of Greswell; with Reflections from Doddridge. Edited by the Rev. E. BICKERSTETH. With Map, price 6s. in cloth.

CALVIN.—Calvin and the Swiss Reformation. By the Rev. JOHN SCOTT, M.A. One vol. with Portrait, price 6s. in cloth.

SERLE.—The Christian Remembrancer. With Selections from the other Writings of Ambrose Serle. Edited by the Rev. E. BICKERSTETH. One vol. price 5s. in cloth.

LEGH RICHMOND.—The Life of the Rev. Legh Richmond, M.A. By the Rev. T. S. GRIMSHAWE, M.A. Portrait, price 6s. in cloth.

PASCAL AND ADAMS.—The Thoughts on Religion of B. Pascal, and the Private Thoughts of the Rev. T. Adams. One vol. price 5s. in cloth.

COWPER.—The Life of William Cowper, Esq. By THOMAS TAYLOR. With Portrait, price 6s. in cloth.

PICTET.—The Christian Theology of Benedict Pictet. Translated by the Rev. F. REYROUX. One vol. price 6s. in cloth.

THE RICHMOND FAMILY.—Domestic Portraiture; or, Memoirs of three of Mr. Richmond's Children. With Engravings, price 6s. in cloth.

DR. BUCHANAN.—Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Claudius Buchanan, D.D. By HUGH PEARSON, D.D. Dean of Salisbury. With Portrait, price 6s. in cloth.

CHURCH HISTORY.—The History of the Church of Christ, from the Apostolic Times to the rise of the Papal Apostacy; from Milner. One vol., price 6s. in cloth.

BRAINERD.—The Life of the Rev. David Brainerd, compiled from the Memoir by President Edwards. By the Rev. JOSIAH PRATT, B.D. One vol. price 5s. in cloth.

THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.—The Attributes of God, selected from Charnock, Goodwin, Bates, and Wisheart. By the Rev. W. WILSON, D.D., Vicar of Holy Rhood, Southampton. Price 5s. in cloth.

THE SCRIPTURES.—A Scripture Help; designed to assist in reading the Bible profitably. By the Rev. E. BICKERSTETH. One volume with maps, price 5s. in cloth.

NEWTON.—A Life of the Rev. John Newton, with Selections from his Correspondence. Portrait, price 5s. in cloth.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.—A Treatise on the Lord's Supper; by the Rev. E. BICKERSTETH. One vol. price 5s. in cloth.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE REFORMERS. Selected from Jewell, Cranmer, Bradford, Ridley, Becon, Philpot, &c. With Preliminary Remarks on the Growth of Popery. By the Rev. E. BICKERSTETH. One vol. price 6s. in cloth.

ON PRAYER.—A Treatise on Prayer. By the Rev. E. BICKERSTETH. One vol. price 5s. cloth.

SCOTT.—The Life of the Rev. Thomas Scott, Rector of Aston Sandford, Bucks. By the Rev. John Scott, A.M., Vicar of North Ferriby, and Minister of St. Mary's, Hull, &c. One vol., with Portrait, price 6s. in cloth.

PROPHECY.—Elements of Prophetical Interpretation. By the Rev. J. W. BROOKS, Vicar of Clarebro', Retford. One vol. price 6s. cloth.

FRANKE.—The Life of Aug. Herman Franke, Professor of Divinity, and Founder of the Orphan House at Halle. Translated from the German of Guericke, by Samuel Jackson. With a Preface, by the Rev. E. BICKERSTETH. Portrait, price 5s. cloth.

FOXE'S MARTYRS.—The English Martyrology: Abridged from Foxe. By CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH. In two vols., price 12s. in cloth, with Engravings.

LUTHER ON THE PSALMS.—A Manual of the Book of Psalms: on the Subject Contents of all the Psalms. By Martin Luther. Now first translated into English by the Rev. HENRY COLE, late of Clare Hall, Cambridge. Price 5s. cloth.